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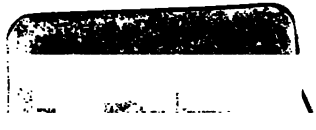

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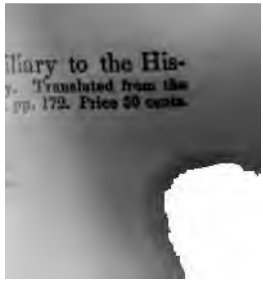

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MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT SWAIN.

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TO

THE FRIENDS

OF

ROBERT SWAIN,

THIS

MEMORIAL OF HIS LIFE,

IS

AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

PREFACE.

A limited number of copies of this little volume was originally printed for the use of Robert's friends only. The interest felt in the simple and touching story of his life, and a wish for it to be allowed a more general circulation, have been so often and so kindly expressed, that there ought not perhaps to be any hesitation in suffering it to go forth freely on its mission of encouragement and instruction to the young.

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

HIS CHILDHOOD.

ROBERT SWAIN was born in New Bedford, the 21st of February, 1823. His constitution was delicate from the first, without however any decided manifestation of disease, until he was nearly nine years of age. In the autumn of that year, symptoms of an affection of the hip-joint made their appearance, and in a few weeks the inflammation increased, so that every motion of the limb caused him pain. He was then taken to Boston, and, by the advice of an experienced physician, a splint was made to fit the leg, in which, after his return home, it was confined, so as to prevent any movement of the joint; and he was placed on a bed, there to remain fifteen months.

It seemed hard for an active boy to be thus deprived of those out-door plays, which are so great a source of amusement in childhood. In Robert's case, this was only the commencement of a series of sacrifices, which, in one form or another, he was obliged to make throughout his short life. And yet few boys were happier, or enjoyed more than he. His bed was his play-ground. He was always cheerful, never at a loss for amusements. He built and rigged boats, learned to sketch objects from his window, or pieces of furniture in the room, watched the vessels sailing in the harbour, read, played with his parrot and canary birds, or with his young friends who came to see him. He had a great love of flowers, and this was a constant source of pleasure. But his own employments and feelings are best described by himself in some letters, written word for word, at this time, as he dictated them. Their perfect simplicity cannot fail to interest the young, and may teach them how a contented and happy spirit can spread a bright gleam of sunshine through even the chamber of sickness and pain.

TO MISS S. P.

DEAR SOPHIA, Feb. 1832.

I HAVE got on the splint, and it does not hurt me at all. Father has had a shelf made for me. It has two legs, one on each side of the bed, and the shelf between; and it can be moved close up to me, or farther off, just as I please, and I put all my things on it. Mother went to Mrs. A's. the other day, and she sent me some beautiful flowers. And last evening cousin Mary and Sarah were going to the cotillon party, and Mrs. A. sent each of them a bunch of flowers, to wear in their hair, (O, I was going to say, that I put my flowers in water so that they need not fade,) and when Mary came home, she gave me all her flowers, and altogether they made a very pretty nosegay. There is a beautiful double gilly-flower, that smells very sweet indeed; and a rosebud that will bloom very soon, I think, if I keep it in water; and I have got fourteen pretty little daisies. The other day father moved the bed up to the window, and I took the spy-glass, and watched all the boats and ships, till they got out of sight. I have a school, morning and afternoon. Mother keeps school for me in the morning, and Mary in the afternoon. In the

morning I cipher, and have a grammar lesson, and in the afternoon I have history and drawing and spelling. I have made four little boxes, and covered them with pictures. I am making a bead-mark for you, and I shall send it in this letter if I get it done time enough. Every evening father comes up after tea, and plays dominoes with me. I am so happy here, I am almost glad I am lame.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SOPHIA, New Bedford, May 25th, 1832.

I HAVE waited a great while for an answer to my letter, but there has not any come; so I thought I would write you again.

Mrs. R. sent me a beautiful little canary bird; he is very tame, and yesterday he came and ate dinner with me. He lit on my waiter, and ate some hominy; and at night he got on the edge of my bowl and drank some milk out of it. We let him out of his cage every morning, and he stays out all day. Yesterday evening, the chamber-door was a little way open, and we thought he had flown out. Father looked up garret and down cellar, and all about the house, and could not find him; and, just as I was going to play a game of dominoes with father, I

saw him upon the window-shutter; and, a little while after he put his head under his wing to go to sleep, and father caught him, and put him into his cage again; and he got up on his highest perch and went to sleep, right away. And this morning I let him out of his cage, and he has been flying about all day. I give him chickweed and canary-seed to eat, and water to drink. He likes to light on the window-sash very much. He will get on the table, and look in the looking-glass, and when he sees another little bird there, he makes the prettiest little noise, just as if he was talking to him.

I have beautiful flowers now, that come out of the garden; and cousin Sally sent me up a calla some time ago, and I put it in water, with my other flowers, and the little bird lit on it very often, and would peck it; and at last he made so many holes in it, that he spoilt it, and it all withered up, and we were obliged to throw it away. We have some columbines in the garden, and they bear beautiful flowers, that have honey in them; and mother picks some and brings them into the house, and puts them in water, and the little bird will light on the edge of the glass, and pick off the ends of the flowers that have honey in them. I

have the cage set on the foot of my bed, and the little bird will come and light on my bed, and hop into the cage to get something to eat; and I have a piece of thread fastened to the door of his cage, so that at night, when he goes in to get something to eat, I pull the string, and that shuts the door of his cage, and I keep him in there till the next morning, and then I let him out again. Sometimes he sings beautifully. The first part of his song is beautiful, but the last is very shrill. The cage is a very pretty one. It has a little piazza to it. I have drawn the cage, and it makes a very pretty picture. Good-by. ROBERT SWAIN.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SOPHIA, November 7th, 1832.

I HAVE begun this letter the moment I received yours. I have a great deal to say, as I have not written you these two or three months. I have had a most beautiful present sent me to-day from Mrs. P., who lives on Pope's Island, which is one of the small islands over which the bridge crosses. The present is some guinea hen's feathers, besides the feathers of some other birds, to cover a basket with. The basket is

to be made of pasteboard, and the feathers are to be arranged on the outside, and silk or colored paper on the inside. She sent me also a beautiful little stuffed bird, about as large as a canary. The breast is nearly white, and the top of the head and back, dark pencil color. I have also a beautiful rose-tree, which cousin William gave me the other day. When he gave it to me it had one rose in bloom, and two buds. The two buds have blown out since. I have covered the flower-pot with moss, which makes it look very pretty. And mother is going to try to find me a saucer, and I am going to cover it with moss too, so that it may be like the flower-pot.

When your sister Mary was here, she learned me how to make a grotto; such as she had once seen at the fair. We covered it over with moss and shells, so that it looked very pretty. In the inside of it, I put two little humming-bird's nests, which I had given me. In one of the nests I put a little glass bird. After Mary had gone, I made another grotto, with two arches, and put a little glass dog and a little deer in it, and sent it to Mrs. A. I sent it to her because she had sent me so many beautiful flowers. And the day after I sent it, she sent me a beautiful note, with a bunch of flowers.

I have been reading "Hall's Voyages," and "Sequel to Frank," which I never read before, and I like them both very much. Every evening, when mother is at leisure, she reads to me in "Bertha's Visit." I have been moved into mother's room, because she thought I should take cold, as the east wind blew in at that window. My bed has been moved close up to mother's; but it is away from the window, where I cannot look out. I like the change very well; but I had rather be by the window, where I can look out and see all the people, and the vessels sailing up and down the river.

I have been here eight months, and am very well, and have got only four more months to be here. I have school every morning and afternoon, as I used to do. Joanna R. and little Eliza come to school to Mary, and I think it is a great deal pleasanter having a school with them than having it all alone. Cousin Susan goes to the academy now, and when school is done in the afternoon, and she comes home, just before tea, we play backgammon till tea-time; and sometimes she comes up after tea, and we play a little then. I think my leg is a great deal better, for I can move it a good deal, and it does not hurt me. Good-by.

Your friend, ROBERT SWAIN.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SOPHIA, New Bedford, Jan. 12th, 1833.

I RECEIVED your letter last evening, and am very glad to have one, for I believe you have not written to me for more than two months. I have got the hooping cough, and do not feel very well. I cough almost every day, and whenever I wake up in the night. My cough does not hurt my leg, but it weakens my eyes, so that I have to have the room very dark. Mary has been making a shade for them to-day. I do not do much of anything all day but cough. I can't read, though I want to very much; for cousin Edward has lent me some books, which I expect are very interesting. But mother reads them to me whenever she is at leisure. I forget whether I told you in my last letter that father went to Washington on some business nearly two months ago, and was gone about a month. When he came home, he brought me a basket of oranges, and mother a beautiful gold watch.

I have been making a grotto for a Christmas present to cousin Mary. It is nearly as large as the one your sister Mary and I made, and is a very pretty one, only the door is rather too small.

I have also been making some book-marks, for Christmas and New Year's presents. I have given them all away now. I have been making a bead safety-chain, to give father on his birth-day; but I am afraid I shall need some help about it, for I can't work on it now. It is made of black cut beads, and looks like black ribbon, only it glistens.

One beautiful day, about two weeks ago, I was reading "Stories about Boston," a book grandma gave me for a new year's present, when father came up here, and asked me if I should like to go down stairs; I told him yes. So he took me up in his arms, and carried me down in the parlor, and laid me on the sofa. You don't know how queer the things did look. The room seemed very large, for I had not been down there for ten months. Mary's plants looked very pretty. They were set up on green benches by the window, so that they might have the sun. A geranium of mother's, which bears beautiful flowers, had grown nearly two feet since I saw it last.

Good-by.

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SOPHIA, New Bedford, Feb. 3, 1833.

My cough is nearly well, and I can bear a good deal of light. I can read and use my eyes as much as I want to. I have a school every morning now, which takes up almost all the morning. My leg hurts me every time I cough, and father says he thinks it will put me back two months, so I shall have to lay here till the last of May.

I have been making some kaleidoscopes. One of them I gave away, and the other I was going to send to you, but I have broken it; and so I can't send it. I shall send you a book-mark, the first I have made since I could use my eyes. The other book-mark I want you to give to Mary, if she stays with you still.

Wednesday. — The kaleidoscope which I send to you, is one father gave me. He got it made down street, and I think it is prettier than any one I could make. I do not cough but very little, not more than once or twice all night. All those months last summer, during which I did not write you any, in the warm summer afternoons father used to put me on a little bed which he had made for me, and

moved me on the piazza, where I could see the whole town, and the river, till it emptied into the bay, and almost all the bay; part of it though was taken off by a house. I could see the sky, and the point covered with woods, and all the vessels that sailed up and down the river, which was covered almost every pleasant day with little boats. I remember of being out there the fourth of July, and staying there till sunset, when we heard the guns fire. While I was there I saw the truckmen pass with their white frocks, and ribbons on their horses' heads. They were all on horseback, and the two men who went first, had horns or bugles, which every little while they blew. I used to stay out there to tea, and come back again, as soon as I had done. I came in my window, which opens down to the floor. In the fall, one of the boys made me a kite, and, when the wind was westerly, one of them used to get it up for me, and throw the ball of twine upon the piazza, and then come up and hand it to me. So I used to fly kites. I 'd keep it up, till it was getting late, and then I would wind it in.

I have been transferring pictures. Mary helped me some, and we succeeded very well.

Good-by.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SOPHIA, March 6, 1833.

FATHER is going to Salem to-morrow morning, and I shall send my letter by him. I have got entirely well of my hooping cough, though my leg is not as well as it was before I had it. E. P. sent me a perspective glass, which is very pretty. The windows in the pictures are cut out, and underneath them is placed gold leaf, which makes them look as if they were illuminated in the evening; and in the daytime as if the sun was shining on them, as it sometimes does near sunset.

Little Cornelia, Eliza's sister, has been in to see me this afternoon, and has just gone away. She gave me a magic lantern, which we had out this evening, and it was very pretty. It made the queerest figures on the wall that ever were seen — men with long noses, and horses and carts, and carriages and cows, running along after each other; and they would have looked like real things if they had been large.

I am very much obliged to you for the picture you sent me, and we all think it is quite pretty. We have put it in the other room till it is dry; for when the room is swept in the morning, it would get dusty.

Yesterday the carpet was changed, and I was moved into the little room for an hour or two, and I thought everything looked beautiful out-doors, though it was winter. I have not been to the window before, since I was moved into this room. The river looked beautifully, for it was partly frozen over and partly bright blue water.

I am making a chain for mother, with black and gold beads. I am going to put this motto, "To my Mother," on it, in gold letters.

It is most time for to go to sleep now; so good-by.

Your friend,

ROBERT SWAIN.

In the spring Robert had so far recovered from his lameness, as to sit up a part of the day in a chair constructed on wheels, for the purpose of enabling him to move about the room; and after a while he began to walk on crutches. But it was not till the month of June, sixteen months after he was first confined to his bed, that he was permitted to go out of doors.

In the beginning of August the family removed to the island of Naushon. But still

Robert was obliged to lie on his bed a part of each day until the close of the season, when he was able to walk out and ride a little about the island. In the beautiful autumnal days, he rode out with his father, for the first time, through those woods and amid those quiet scenes, which he learned to love so well. But the cold weather again brought back his disease in a new form, and he was confined to his bed the greater part of the two succeeding winters with abscesses, which were exceedingly painful, and at one time he was so very ill, that almost all hopes of his recovery were given up.

But again he was restored to his friends, and again the family removed to their island home, where, for two successive summers, he gradually improved in strength and health. His time was partly occupied in study, which he attended to regularly with one of his cousins; and in his play-hours he found enough of healthy amusement in boating, fishing, walking, and riding.

His leisure time out of doors was spent mostly in a boat which his father had given him, and which he kept in order, and managed entirely by himself. He would often spend the whole afternoon in the harbor at Naushon, alone with

his boat and fishing gear, or perhaps sailing little boats, which he had been modelling and rigging with his own hands, and in which he showed no small amount of mechanical skill. In this way he learned to take care of himself; and being so much alone, with the water below, the sky above, and the green fields and woods around, he formed habits of meditation, and acquired a love of nature, which could not but have a salutary influence on his character and his health. He liked to have some one of his own age with him, but was never at a loss for something to do. With his boat in fair weather and his work-bench when it rained, together with his lessons, which occupied a small portion of each day, and in which he engaged with the same zeal as in his plays, he had always enough on his hands. In the island, indeed, was found that rare combination of land and water, sunshine and shade, retirement and society, which most happily furnish mind and body with their various and appropriate culture. These influences sank early and deep into his nature; and as no spot could perform a higher office, so none could be endeared to him by more delightful associations.

CHAPTER II.

SANTA CRUZ.

Age 12-14.

In the autumn of 1835, Robert went with his father and mother, to spend the winter at Santa Cruz. There are no letters or journals of his, to tell how much he enjoyed and how much he was delighted with all the new and wonderful things which he saw in this "Island of Beauty," where there is so much to delight the eye, and give pleasure to every sense. It is a perfect paradise for children; and it seemed a happy compensation to Robert for the privations of the three preceding winters.

But though we have no record of this winter, yet the next year, when he went there again with his father, he kept a daily journal, from which are copied the following extracts.

Thursday, 9th of Feb., 1837. Here we are on board the ship Whitmore, with a fine north-wester. The ship George Washington has gone out just ahead of us, and there are several

vessels starting with us. Four o'clock. We are going straight for Santa Cruz. We had a fine sail out, past Governor's Island, the George Washington ahead of us, all the way. It was a beautiful sight for any one who likes to see vessels. When the pilot left us off Sandy Hook, there were three ships and two brigs, besides our own vessel, all lying to, for a pilot boat, at one time. Then the little pilot boats, sailing swiftly about from one ship to the other, taking out the pilots. I think I never saw a prettier sight. But I cannot write any more now, for I begin to feel sick.

Wednesday, 15th. This is the first day that I have felt well enough to write, since we left New York, and I will write down as much of what has happened in the mean time, as I can remember.

The day we left, we went on very well. The wind continued fair, and plenty of it. I was sick all day. Nothing occurred of any consequence that I can remember, except once, when uncle M. was putting on some fresh boots, we shipped a sea, and one or two buckets full of water came down through the skylight, which was not perfectly tight, and filled his boots with salt water. That was not the worst

mischief it did; for the stewardess was standing directly under it, and she got wet to the skin. She was standing very quietly, talking, and the first thing she knew, down came the water upon her. She jumped, but not the right way, and before she could jump again, she was wet through.

Sunday, 12th. I don't remember that anything happened that day till 12 o'clock at night, when we had a heavy squall. I awoke about that time, and, if it had not been so late, father said, he would have gone on deck. Uncle M. was up, and he came and reported how things were going on, every little while. Once, when it blew the hardest, he came down and said we had carried away our foretopsail. It was the very height of the squall. The captain gave the orders, "Hard up your helm, and wear ship, and scud before the wind." The helm was hard up, but the ship did not pay off at all. It was then that the sail was carried away; not the foretopsail, as uncle thought, but a staysail, that was of no consequence. Luckily, the ship payed off then; for if she had hung so, with her lee side all under water, much longer, something must have been carried away—her masts or some of her sails. However, the squall, like

most squalls in these latitudes, did not last long, and, in a little while, we resumed our course. It blew hard all the next day, and by his observations the captain judged, that at 4 o'clock, we should be opposite the large reef that extends fifteen miles from the west end of Bermuda.

We continued to stand on until six o'clock, when the wind blew a gale. The captain feared it would blow still harder, so that we could carry no sail at all, and then we should be caught with Bermuda under our lee, and undoubtedly be driven on shore; so we wore ship and stood directly back again. For three hours we kept on: and they were three anxious hours to some of us — to those who knew how near Bermuda we were. I lay in my berth through the whole of it. If it had been in the day time, I should have gone on deck; but I could hear almost all that was going on where I was. The wind did blow tremendously, and every little while, it would whistle through the rigging, and make a loud roaring sound, like the surf rolling on a beach. It came in little squalls. I could always tell when one was coming; for the captain would call out, "Mind your weather helm"; and then there would be a rushing sound, "Hard up, hard up, I say;" and in a minute,

the sea would strike us, and the ship would quiver and shake from head to stern. Several times I thought she had struck; and often the water would come pouring down the cabin sky-light, which was not perfectly tight, and drench whoever happened to be under it. I often thought of Paddy, when the captain called out, as he did, every few mintes, "How do you head? How do you head *now?*"—and I heard the answer, "Northeast, sir,"—"Northeast by east, sir." We were steering Paddy's northeast course, and all I hoped, was that Bermuda would not get in our way. If we had gone on shore then, we should have all been lost. No boat could have lived in such a sea; and the island was fifteen miles off from the end of the reef. Only think! what an awful responsibility rests upon the captain of a ship; more than they often know, or think about, themselves. We stood on our northeast all night, till we had passed Bermuda; and then we tacked, and stood south, by the east end of it. I, and a good many others, beside, were glad enough, when we were safely past Bermuda.

A gale of wind at sea, was just what I have been wishing for. But when it comes in the night, with a lee shore but a few miles off, it is

not such an agreeable matter; particularly when, if we get on the reef, there is not one chance in ten, of any of us being saved.

Friday, 17th. The wind is directly ahead to-day, but it is very pleasant. The sun is out bright, and we go along finely; although it is not towards Santa Cruz. It seems quite like old times. The water is that deep, transparent blue that is only found in the tropics. The air is soft and warm, and everything looks so pleasant that one cannot help feeling glad and happy. Fred and I have been playing, or skylarking, as the sailors call it, all the morning. We got my bows and arrows out of the cabin, and had some fun with them. We have fed the ducks and geese with corn and water, and now, Fred is reading, and I am trying to write. We have hired a place in the bows of the longboat, between the horses and the cow, ducks and pigs, where we sit and talk, and have fun. It is a fine place; for we can see everything that is going on, and whistle and do what we please. The captain let us (that is, Fred and I,) have it quite cheap; we only pay a shilling a week, and nobody has a right to come there but ourselves.

Sunday, 19th. The wind was ahead all day

yesterday, as it is to-day, also. The captain says we are three hundred miles to the eastward of Santa Cruz. I do wish the wind would come fair. Eight o'clock. The wind is northwest, at last. About two hours ago, we had a squall, and the wind came round. Now we are going on finely, with a smashing wind, nine knots. A little while ago, the second stewart, coming down stairs, with a platter of roast-beef for dinner, let it slip off the dish, and down it came, thump, thump, thump, against all the stairs, till it got to the bottom. How the ship rolls! A minute ago, the barrel of empty bottles fell over, and my candle fell into the salt-cellar, that, together with chickens, &c., is set on the table for the mates' tea.

Monday, 20th. The wind is fair, and we go ten knots, with steeringsails set, on both sides. I have amused myself fishing up gulfweed almost all the morning, and have got quite a lot of it.

Tuesday, 21st. After all, there is nothing like the sea. I never saw anything look so beautiful as it did last evening. The moon was full; and it cast such a mellow light over the sails. They looked like the wings of a huge bird, flapping slowly and gracefully up and

down; and then, when the wind breezed up, the same sails dilating and swelling out, as though they would burst from the bolt ropes. And the ship, rolling first one side, and then the other, dipping her steeringsails' booms in the water, almost every roll; and driving on nine or ten knots an hour. O! it was glorious! I staid out on the bowsprit all the evening, enjoying it.

To-day is as pleasant as yesterday was. The captain says he has no doubt but what we have got the trade winds, and shall get to Santa Cruz in three days. I, for one, don't care much when we get there; for I am enjoying myself as much here as I should on shore, now that I am not sea-sick.

Tuesday evening. The wind has been light, and part of the time it has been almost calm. I staid out on the bowsprit, watching the ship, sea, sails and clouds. I saw two grampuses for a moment, and then they were gone. I had almost forgot it was my birthday to-day. I am fourteen years old. Hurrah!

Wednesday, 22d. Nothing has happened uncommon to-day. Everything goes on, as the ship does, right ahead. I have seen a great many flying fish, this morning. They spring

out of the water, and go skimming along, for a few minutes, and then dive, plump, into a wave, and are gone.

Thursday, 23d. Wind the same, only a little more; and instead of five, we go seven knots. We have had breakfast and dinner on deck to-day; and every one liked it a great deal better, the smell of bilge-water was so strong in the cabin.

I have just seen a beautiful sight. A large grampus, fifteen or twenty feet long, came and played about the ship. Sometimes he looked beautifully. As he rolled over on one side, you could see nothing but a streak of bright blue. And then he would shoot along like lightning, and go away ahead of the ship, and we would not see him for some time. Then, suddenly, some one would cry out, "Here he is, here he is! look! look! look!" and, O, what a scrabble to get to the side of the ship! Once, having shown himself on one side, he dove under the vessel, and came up on the other, all out of water; and I had a fine view of him. At last he went off, and we went to dinner, and I have not seen him since. We have had several showers this afternoon, and everything is wet on deck.

Land O! land O! Here we are in sight of

land. We passed through the passage between Sombrero and Anegada in the night, and now, the land that we see is Virgingorda. The captain thinks that we shall arrive at Santa Cruz about five or six o'clock. St. Croix is in sight; and we are going on about six or seven knots. Eight o'clock. Here we are at Santa Cruz. We cast anchor about sunset, and came up here to Mr. Heightman's house, where we are going to stay till we can find another place. . . . .

Sunday, 27th of Feb. Early this morning, I went out and had a row in one of the boats, and, if it is as pleasant, I am going again tomorrow. I have just come from the Sunday market with a cartload of fruit — oranges, bananas, sapadiloes, soursops, &c. It looks quite like old times there: the negroes carrying their fruit on their heads, and jabbering away like so many monkeys.

March 4th. I have done nothing particular these two or three days past, except to draw before breakfast, which is the pleasantest part of the day here. I generally attract about as much attention, and full as many negroes as a company of soldiers, marching through New Bedford, do. The other day, as I was taking a sketch up back of the town, I thought all the

negroes on the island had turned out. I had not been there five minutes, before one or two came up the hill, then three or four more, and just before I went away, I counted fifteen ranged about me, beside a great many more that had come and gone away again, having satisfied their curiosity. I never saw such lazy people in my life. They would stand by me for an hour, without saying a word; and when they could not look over my back, then they would stand, like so many black statues, and nobody could tell them from such, except by their shifting their weight from one leg to the other, like some old horses I have seen. I had almost finished drawing, when, suddenly, as they always do there, a shower came up. And then the negroes and I had to scamper. I went under the portico of the nearest house, which luckily was near, with the whole train at my heels. There I met father, who had been driven in also by the rain; and we went home together.

Yesterday we moved down here to Handson's: a large house, near the water. It is a very pleasant place, with trees on each side of it; and I think we shall like it very much. There is only one objection: that, in the after-

noon, it is very hot. There is no gallery on the west side, and the trees are not yet large enough to shade it; so that, in the afternoon, the sun beats right into our rooms, and I am almost roasted, and shall stop for the present. The thing that I like most about this house, is, that it is so near the water. There is a little wharf at the end of the garden, and a very pretty little bay makes in there. Uncle M. has hired a small boat, to row about in, and I have fine times, rowing and sailing my little schooner.

Sunday evening. Early this morning, before breakfast, I got into my little boat, and had a fine row. I went out to the Key, a little island, off in the harbor, from which I began a sketch of the town. To-morrow I am going out there again; and so I shall go until I have finished it.

A little before supper, there was a negro came here with a bird to sell, that he called a water-bird. He asked ten stivers for it; but he said he would take less. Father asked him if he would take five. He said, "No, massa; eight stivers, massa." Father told him he would give him five stivers, if he would take the bird and throw it out the window. He said, "Well, massa, give me five stivers, and I will let him go." But he would not let him go until he had

the stivers. And then they began to question him. Father asked him what he was going to do with his money. He said he was going to buy bread, and that perhaps he should get a dram to keep his spirits up. They then asked him what plantation he belonged to; and whether he got whipped often. "Yes, massa, dey whip me every day." "Do they whip you hard?" "Yes, massa, dey whip me like a fire sometimes, massa." "I guess it is because you don't work." "Yes, massa, me work very hard." "You don't work Sundays, though?" "Oh no, massa. But God Almighty, he make de Sunday too short, massa." "Well, buddy, here is another old bit for you." "Tank you, massa; tank you, sir." And so off he went, tickled enough with his ten stivers.

Friday, 9th. Uncle M., father and I went over to the west end. We started early in the morning before breakfast, in a carriage, with a pair of young horses, which uncle has hired. It was a very pleasant morning, and the island looked beautifully as we rode along. Particularly, the view from the top of that hill, where we stopped when we were going marooning. Don't you remember, mother, while we were waiting, I took a sketch of Concordia?

We happened to stop at the very same place, a few minutes, and it seemed to me as though I saw my picture over again. There were the same houses, and the mill grinding, and the marmee tree at the left of the picture. Everything looked as if it had not been touched since we went away. The next plantation we came to, was Orange Grove, which, you may remember, we stopped at, when we were going to Bassin last year. It had a beautiful garden, and a great many oranges in it; and there was a negro house, where the keeper of the garden lived. Don't you remember, he came out and got us some oranges, with a long stick with a hook on the end of it? We saw the tamarind tree that we left our horses under, and the little brook.

In a little while we came to Mrs. Stevens's, where we staid to breakfast. . . . . After breakfast we started again, and went on until we came to Hogensberg. There it looked so beautifully, that father wanted to go in and show uncle what a beautiful place it was. So we drove up to the house, and got out; and walked over the garden. We saw the old gardener. He knew father and me; and said we had been there last year; but uncle M. he was

not sure about. We gave him some old bits, and told him to have a bunch of flowers ready for us when we came back. The ride from there to town was very pleasant. All the plantations looked so natural — Concordia, and the Wheel of Fortune — they did not look changed in the least. When we got into town, we went to Mr. Hill's, and sent our carriage round to the stable. . . . . .

Monday, 14th. Yesterday, father, Miss T. and I, went to the governor's house on the hill. We had a very pleasant ride; and when we got there, the servants showed us all over the house. There is one of the most beautiful views from a little portico, that I ever saw. It looks over upon the town and harbor of Bassin; and you can see vessels coming in, a long way off. The governor can, with his spy-glass, see vessels going into St. Thomas. . . . . .

Saturday. I have got up quite an acquaintance with some boys here, Lawyer K.'s sons, the man who rents the house to Mr. H. I am out with Charles, the oldest of them, in my boat, almost all the time. We are also very busy, making and sailing little boats. I find my schooner very useful, and am glad I brought her, though she got badly broken on the way.

Monday, 20th. This morning I took my first ride on pony-back. I think that soon I shall be able to ride quite well.

Friday, 24th. This morning, father, aunt, I and uncle M. had a call from Gov. Van Sholten, in consequence of a letter of introduction from Mr. Van Buren, our President. His Excellency staid some time, and when he left, told father that he should be very glad to see him and his son (that meant me!) to his house on the hill, Buluzminda. After dinner, I had a row with Charles K. in my boat. We took father out a little way. We had one of those beautiful sunsets to-night, which we used to see last year at west end, when the rays of the sun, after he had been down some time, shot up in the sky, all colored; and little floating clouds were tinged with the most delicate colors.

Saturday, 25th. After dinner, I carried aunt J. and Miss T. out to the bathing-house in my boat, where they staid some time, reading. The bathing-house is fitted up with a sofa, tables, chairs, spyglass, and almost everything. Mr. K. was so kind as to send me the key of it, while I was off there, drawing. When the ladies came home, Charles and I went around, looking for shells. We got quite a lot. We

went in the boat, and when we saw one, I picked it up with my sticks.

Sunday. This morning I got up at gun-fire, and went out to the bathing-house to draw. It was very early; the sun was not up. And when it did rise, I never saw anything look more beautiful. The water was all glazed over, like a looking-glass; for there was no wind; and when the sun shone upon it, it looked like a sheet of fire. When I had finished drawing, Charles and I played about in the boat, trying to shoot mullets with bows and arrows; but we could not get near enough.

St. Thomas, Wednesday, April 5th. We arrived here last night at twelve o'clock. We left Santa Cruz in the schooner Vigilant, at four in the afternoon, with a light wind, although it was fair. There was not much sea, so that I was not sick till about night. I amused myself with a monkey and two dogs, which were passengers as well as myself. The monkey was a queer fellow. He ate in the most curious manner, as though he was troubled with poor teeth, putting his head on one side, and shutting his eyes when he brought his jaws together. I did not go to bed till seven o'clock, for the little time I was in the cabin

there was such a smell of bilge-water, that I was in no hurry to go in again, and when I did go in to bed, I found it was no imagination. There was a tremendous steam of sour sugar all the time, and when I dropped asleep for a minute, I was almost instantly awoke again; it was so hot, so steaming hot, that I really feared I should be melted. And then there were mosquitoes and fleas in abundance. At last I could stand it no longer; so I got up and put on my jacket and great coat, and went on deck, where I found father and uncle M., for they also had been compelled to leave the cabin by the inconveniences therein. They soon fitted me up with a mattress and umbrella to keep off the dew, and there I slept till we arrived in the harbor. As soon as the anchor was down, we all went on shore in the little boat. It was just twelve o'clock when we stopped at Mrs. Miller's, where we were to stay, and after some little knocking we got in, had a room fitted for us, and were safely ensconced in a comfortable bed once more. But we did not sleep much even then, for what with the mosquitoes, an old cock crowing in the front entry, and filling the whole house with his melody, together with various other tributary sounds too numerous to

mention, sleep was driven from the house, or at least one part of it. . . . .

After dinner, father, uncle and I went down to the King's wharf, took a boat and a negro to pull us, and went off to a Danish ship, in the harbor, where they left me to "take off the town," as the negroes say. St. Thomas is a beautiful town, the most so of any in the West-Indies, so they say. It stands on three hills, with higher hills rising back of them, and partly enclosed in a fine land-locked harbor. The houses are mostly large and new, for a great part of the town was burnt down in 1833, and now no houses can be built, except of brick or stone, and fire-proof. There are a great many stores, and people from all parts of the world; and one can buy almost anything that can be bought in New York or Boston. There are also many vessels of all descriptions here in the harbor, from the clumsy Dutchman to the graceful clipper, though at present there are less than usual. Generally there are forty or fifty sail of square riggers alone, besides a great number of sloops, and sharp, rakish schooners. One of them is beating out now, a sharp little thing, no larger than the Fawn. They say she is bound for the slave coast and trade. What a shame

that such things are permitted; but no proof can be found, or rather, the government officers wink at it, as bringing great profit to them. This is a little beauty of a schooner, and she slips through the water as easily as a bird through the air; and yet, when I think of her object and destination, I almost wish the fort would fire at her, and blow her sky high, to imitate the birds in reality.

When I had finished drawing, uncle and father came for me. They had been out among the ships and vessels.

Friday, 7th. I got up very early this morning, and went on the hill back of the house, to see a tower built by the pirates, who, in times past, had possession of St. Thomas. Black Beard's Tower it is called, from their chief, I believe. When I came to the top of the hill, — for it is quite a little walk up there, — I asked a negro if I could go up in the tower. He said the upper door was fastened, and that his master, who was asleep, had the key. I wanted him to ask his master for it, but he was afraid he would be "wexed," to use his own expression. However, I was determined not to have my walk for nothing; so I went up inside of the tower, which seemed to be used

as a henroost or pigeonry, and found that the door was not locked at all. The next difficulty was to open the shutters, which were hooked on the inside, and I thought would fall out if I unhooked them. So I went down again to find some one to open them for me, but all were as cross as if they had just awoke, as I suppose they had. So back I came, determined to open them at any rate. I gave a tremendous push, after unhooking them, and off the shutters swung, on hinges, as convenient as possible. And a more beautiful view than that which opened before me I never saw. The town was beneath, and on two sides. The harbor below, spotted with many vessels and boats. Far off, in the offing, a man-of-war lay off and on with tall white sails and graceful motion, seeming like the guardian spirit of the harbor. A busy scene it was, and a very quiet one also. There was but little wind, which played gently over the water, as though it feared to ruffle and disturb its calm.

I have seen nothing since I came here that reminded me so much of home and of Naushon, and you, mother; for in all the beautiful things which I see, I think of you, and wish you were with me, to see them too. And I have seen

nothing that you would like more than this. I staid till the sun had risen from behind the hills, and then, as it grows hot very fast, I shut up my shutters, and came down.

On returning from Santa Cruz, Mr. Swain and his son reached Old Point Comfort, in Virginia, when Robert had the misfortune to break his leg. A letter written by his father at the time, thus describes it.

"May 24th, 1837. This morning Robert had a fall on board the ship, that agonized every nerve in my frame. I was lying in my berth, and Julia's nurse was doing something in the state-room, which was separated from the hatch-way of the ship by a curtain that was drawn across at the time. I heard a fall, and the nurse screamed out, 'Master Robert has fallen down into the hold of the ship.' I shall never forget the pang of that moment. It was a concentration of the most intense agony. Confined with my lame feet, I had not the power to go to him. The next moment was Bob's voice, calling, 'Father, I am not much hurt.' Never was music like the sound of that voice. And the little fellow thought more of me than he did of himself. He is a noble boy,

with more presence of mind and fortitude than I ever saw. They brought him up, and, to my great joy, I found his head and body uninjured, but his lame leg was fractured. I had him immediately taken on shore, and, most fortunately, there is a very skilful surgeon at the fort, at Old Point Comfort. He got his clothes off, and, on examination, found it was broken just above the knee, and a simple square fracture. As soon as Robert left the ship, I dressed myself, and contrived to get on deck, was lowered in a chair into the boat, and carried up from the shore. I got to the house just as they were on the point of setting it. This was done without any pain, and Robert is perfectly comfortable. His only trouble seems to be on my account and his mother's. This is a sad affair, but a mere trifle to what I feared when he fell; and in nine times out of ten, a boy could not have escaped with his life. The distance was twelve feet at least. Robert, in coming down from the upper deck, slipped and lost his hold when about half way down, swung round back of the steps, and fell down the open hatch. There happened to be a large water cask directly under this. He struck upon the bilge, which made the blow a glancing one,

and saved his life. But for that he would have fallen on the stone ballast. How his head and every part of his body escaped injury I cannot conceive. It seems miraculous. I am writing by his bed-side, and he has just dropped asleep, and looks as if nothing had happened."

Robert was detained here nearly a fortnight; but his cheerfulness did not desert him, nor was he ever heard to make the least complaint. He was pleasantly situated at Old Point Comfort, which is a resort for visiters in the summer season, who come there for the enjoyment of the sea breeze. His window looked out upon a quiet scene of green meadows and trees, among which was the Pride of India, whose blossoms filled the air with fragrance. By the kind and skilful attentions of his surgeon, Dr. A., he so far recovered at the end of a fortnight, as to be able to begin his journey homeward. His leg was protected by splints, and he was taken from his bed, and put into a chair, in which he was moved from place to place. As most of the journey could be performed by railroads and steamboats, he travelled without much suffering, though not without some inconvenience; and the middle of June found the family once more at their island home.

CHAPTER III.

AT EXETER ACADEMY.

Age 18.

During the summer, Robert was usually employed upon his lessons about four hours a day, and the only difficulty his teacher found was in preventing him from studying too much. He was not a boy of quick parts, but always retained what he had once learned. He had in everything a high standard; and this was not merely a fine feeling, glowing like sunset clouds, only to fade out in darkness; but he was glad to go through any amount of labour that might assist him in gaining his ideal, and could not bear to leave anything half finished. In whatever he undertook, whether in making a boat, in playing chess, or in his studies, he took always a real pleasure in doing his best; and if that did not come up to his idea, he would repeat the experiment, and not rest satisfied till the end was gained.

He loved knowledge for its own sake, and, having been accustomed to look upon an edu-

cation as consisting chiefly in learning to teach himself, he early acquired habits of application, which are of vastly more importance than any amount of knowledge. He usually studied in a room by himself, and when left for days, or even weeks, without a teacher, the hours set apart for study were none the less faithfully observed. He relished keenly amusements of almost every kind, but although left at liberty to do as he chose, it was not often that they could draw him away from his books, during the part of the day assigned to his studies. The love of excellence for its own sake, and the love of labor as subordinate to it, guided by a discriminating judgment, and great delicacy of taste and feeling, were the leading features of his mind, and they are qualities, which, when the opportunity is given, must lead to usefulness and success. But, in his case, they were thwarted in their intellectual tendencies by oft-repeated disappointments. His term of study was cut short every day of his life; and often, just as he was daring to hope that now he might go on with a firm step, his hopes were blighted by some new indication of disease, and he was obliged to spend weeks and months in entire cessation from study. But the qualities

themselves were not lost; and in the development of character, through those repeated and severe disappointments, they accomplished a higher end than could ever be gained through the intellect alone.

When he reached his eighteenth year he had really, on account of his health, had less time for study than most boys of twelve. He felt his deficiencies, and was exceedingly anxious to make them up. No boy could have a more pleasant home, or be more sensible of its advantages. The island, especially, by whose waters and woody dells he had mused and enjoyed so much, was an object of the fondest attachment, and he could leave it only with the greatest reluctance. But he felt that life had higher duties than mere enjoyment, and that though he might not be obliged to engage in a profession, or by active business to secure a living, he must labor for his own present improvement. He could not bear the thought of being an ignorant or useless member of society; nor could he believe that those whom fortune has most favored in their outward circumstances are to be dwarfed in their minds from the want of manly effort, or in any way to be exempted from the responsibilities that rest on others. He

could see no pathway to eminence but that which he should clear away by his own personal exertions. He was ready, therefore, to make any sacrifice of ease or convenience that might be required. And being convinced of the superior advantages of a public over a private education, to one brought up as he had been, he decided to leave home, and in the fall of 1839, entered Phillips Exeter Academy.

Here he had many trials, which his secluded home-life had heretofore exempted him from, and which he was not prepared for as other boys are. But these trials were soon overcome, and he enjoyed much, not only in his studies, but in the society of boys of his own age. His letters home will best express his schoolboy life.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Exeter, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1839.

. . . . THIS week has been the longest I ever spent, I think. From the time father left till yesterday, I have not kept the run of the days; but I thought they would never get to a stopping place. When I came from school Saturday noon, after having been frightened out of my wits by so many strange faces and dignified-

looking teachers, and found father gone and Mr. Morison gone, and not a single familiar face — every body and everything looking strange and unnatural — and feeling too, that I cared for nobody, and nobody cared for me, I must say that I felt more homesick than I ever expected to. I was really rejoiced to see a mosquito, although he did come to bite me. He looked like an old friend, and I was more glad to see him than I ever was to see a mosquito before. But in the afternoon I went to walk in the woods, and, coming back, stopped into Judge Smith's to pay my tuition, and I found that an excellent place to cure homesickness. They were all so kind and pleasant, and such a remarkably pleasant house and grounds. Before I came away, I was completely cured of all homesickness, and I have not had an attack of the disease since, only occasional touches now and then.

Yesterday afternoon I spent at the Judge's too. He invited G. H. (who rooms with me, and whom I like very much,) and H. and myself up there to dinner. We spent the afternoon and evening there very pleasantly. The Judge is the most entertaining old man I ever saw, and his wife is also very agreeable.

Sundays we are not allowed to go out, walking or riding, except before and after prayers, which are held in the schoolhouse, at seven in the morning and six in the afternoon. We have to go to church twice a day. I do not like not being allowed to walk; and having to come home right after church in the afternoon, which is the best time in the whole week to walk. But it is a rule that is not attended to much, and I think I shall break it once in a while. I like my boarding-house very much. There is quite a pleasant garden attached to the house, and some *very pleasant apple trees.* And now, mother, I have come to the end of my paper, before I have made hardly a beginning of the many things I want to say to you. . . . . But as I shall write to Mr. Morison, perhaps I have said enough.

Your affectionate son, ROBERT.

TO J. H. MORISON.

Exeter, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1839.

MY DEAR MR. MORISON,

I RECEIVED your letter yesterday, and, you may be sure, I was very, very glad to hear from you; for, next to seeing my friends, hearing from

them is the most agreeable thing that happens to me now. And yet I am not homesick at all; at least, I have not been since you and father went home. Things have now got settled down into their ordinary flow. I have begun the Æneid, and say one lesson in that every morning, together with a Greek lesson, and in the afternoon, a lesson in the Latin grammar. Mr. Soule seems very kind, but I miss very much the pleasant and free communication we have always had together, Mr. Morison. I was never so scared in my life as when he called me up to recite the first time. I knew my lesson, and yet I don't believe I recited five words right. Even my voice, of which I have little enough now at any time, failed me, and I went first on a high key, and then on a low one, and then on none at all, hopping about like one possessed. But now I have got quite used to it, and also to studying in school, which I could not do at all at first, with so much going on around me. My chum I like very much. He is a boy with nothing to find fault with, at least I have seen nothing yet. . . . .

I see your brother quite often. I took a walk with him before breakfast this morning, and I like to be with him very much, for he seems

like you, Mr. Morison, only he will call me Swain, and seems to think that I am as old and know as much as he does.

TO HIS FATHER.

Exeter, Sunday, Sept. 29, 1839.

You wanted me, father, to tell you exactly about my health, and I will try to do so. I do not think I am so strong, or quite as well as when I came. I miss the exercise I have been used to very much; and, do what I will, I cannot be out, or take near as much as I have been accustomed to. And then the school-house is sometimes quite cold, and then again they make up a great fire, and get it as hot as an oven. And I don't like being confined to the hard benches and desks so much. But I am in hopes, after a while, I shall get used to it; that is, to all the things together.

You will tell me I must not study so much of the time as to injure my health, &c.; but I have no choice. I am put into a class, and must go on with them, and get as long lessons as they do. I don't want to be left behind; and then I don't study much more than the rules of the school require, and not any more

than enables me to keep up with those I am with. Now if I can't study as much as that, I had rather leave the school at once than go lagging on behind. I like the school very much, and I should be very sorry to go away just when I get regularly to work. I have not got intimate with any of the boys yet; not being able to join in their plays, (that is, kicking football,) I lose a good deal, both as to getting acquainted with them and as to exercise. I spent last evening at the Judge's very delightfully. The Judge, and particularly the young ladies, were very sociable. I have also been to Doctor Abbot's once or twice. Mrs. A. I like also. She seems like Mrs. F., and is very kind.

But the bell hast just rung, and I must bid you good-by.

Your most affectionate son, BOB.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FATHER, Exeter, Sunday, Oct. 6, 1839.

I HAVE made Sunday my writing day, so that you can expect a letter once a week regularly, and I shall expect you and Mr. Morison and mother to keep your part of the agreement. . . .

Yesterday afternoon some of us boys, and I

among the rest, went out in the woods nutting. We had got a fine lot of nuts, and three of us were busily employed shelling them, while the other two were up in a tree near by, when suddenly we heard a scream, and a cry that Sam Smith, one of the boys in the tree, and the Judge's nephew, had fallen off and hurt himself. We all ran immediately, and found him lying on the grass almost lifeless. I raised him up, but his arms hung to his side like pieces of rags, and his leg appeared to be broken. We instantly sent one boy to the nearest house, and another into town, almost three miles, for the doctor, while some of us staid to take care of him. They soon got a horse and wagon with a feather bed, and at last got him on it, although not without great pain. But he was stunned, and his sense of pain not so acute as it otherwise would have been. Even the jolting of the wagon did not affect him much. We carried him to Judge Smith's, and when the doctor came, he said both his arms were out of joint at the elbows, and one of them, as also his thigh, was fractured. Poor fellow! only a little while before he was a perfect picture of health and strength, a real don't-care, rough-and-tumble-*boy*; the first of his size at foot-ball,

and all boys' games; and now he must be suffering terribly. But the doctor set his limbs, and he is now doing very well. Now, father, I don't know what to say about myself. I think I am getting more used to things now than at first; and I think I shall soon become acclimated to the coldness out of the house and in; so that I shall not even think of giving up Exeter yet. I hope Mr. Morison will come here next Friday, for I want to see some one from home very much.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Exeter, October, Friday, 11th.

I WAS very glad to receive your affectionate letter, and sorry you did not write in better spirits; for I would not have you so troubled about me, as your letter seems to indicate, on any account.

I am going on very well and pleasantly enough. And now that I have got used to it, I like the school too well to have any wish to leave it, or to spend the winter in New Bedford. So long as I stay, I would have you feel no uneasiness about me. As for my being unhappy, I never thought of such a thing; though

whether I can remain here all winter, is, I think, doubtful. I want very much to see Mr. Morison, and talk with him about this, and everything else, in fact. If, after all, he don't come, I shall be very much disappointed.

Sunday, 13th. At that very minute Mr. Morison walked in at the door. I never was more surprised or delighted in my life. My letter, as you may guess, was very quickly transferred from the out to the inside of my desk, where it has very quietly waited till this morning. I got excused from school as soon as I had recited my lessons, and spent the rest of the afternoon and part of the evening with him at Judge Smith's. He says, mother, that you have got an idea that I am very unhappy here, and that you are very much concerned about me. Now I don't think you have ever seen me unhappy two days together anywhere, not even at Old Point Comfort; and why you can expect it of me here I don't see. . . . . Now, mother, don't be concerned about my being unhappy any more.

Good-by. From your most affectionate child,

ROBERT.

TO THE SAME.

Exeter, October, Sunday, 27th, 1839.

. . . After all, my dear mother, I get along very well as to inconveniences; and, as I have told you before, I have nothing besides to complain of, and I have no doubt but I shall spend as pleasant a winter here as at home. Last evening you and C. would have laughed to have seen me sitting by the fire, quietly darning a pair of stockings, with two great holes in the toes. But, nevertheless, I don't believe C. could have done it better herself. . . . This morning I made my bed, (having got tired of waiting for the girl to make it,) and was proceeding to clear up the room, when she came.

Although Saturday does not come but once a week here, yet the weeks are shorter than they ever were at New Bedford. I never saw time go so fast as it does here; and yet, when I look back, I think I have been here an age; and when I look forward, I think there is an age to come. But that will soon be gone; and then — and then I shall be all ready for what comes next.

Good-by. Your most affectionate

Robert.

TO. J. H. MORISON.

Exeter, Friday, Nov. 27, 1839.

MY DEAR MR. MORISON,

I OUGHT not to have left so good a letter as yours unanswered and unthanked so long. And now I will make the best excuse in my power, that never-failing one, want of time — and answer it forthwith.

To begin with the most important. As for my studies, they are advancing tolerably well, though I expect some trouble next week. I have finished the fifth book in Virgil, just got the rules for scanning, and shall begin to apply them next week. As yet, I cannot see into it at all, and I fear a terrible screwing Monday. Virgil goes very easy now; I get from one hundred to one hundred and twenty lines, and like it very much. *Greek is hard.* That 's the conclusion I have come to, and having two lessons in it every day, I have a good opportunity of finding out. I am now in Mythology. We get on pretty fast, but, as regards myself, not very thoroughly. I do not have time to study it out of school much, for it takes me all the evening to get my Latin. I have had to speak twice this term — once, a piece from the Lady of the Lake; and last, the speech of

Antony, in Julius Cæsar. I got through it, and that is a good deal to say. The first time I struck into the wrong pitch of voice, and got stuck there. If I tried to go higher, I squeaked out sharp; if lower, I made a noise like that squab heron you caught last summer; and if I made an attempt to give a little force or strength to my voice, it slumped through altogether. There I was, stuck. I said off my piece, and went to my seat as quick as I could.

Only two weeks more, Mr. Morison, and I shall be with you and at *home*. I shall value the least thing in the house, more than I did all New Bedford before I left. I have been thinking over this evening, how everything would look when I first get back. The trees I shall pass by, going up the yard; the house; the steps, with the twirl and the scraper at the bottom. Then in the house, the new painted entry; the table, with father's and your hat on it; and our room, Mr. Morison, with the green doors, table, book-case, pictures. But I have forgot the figure of that new paper which troubles me. Only three weeks more! Not that I am homesick at all; for after I have been at home three weeks, I expect I shall want to get back again. We have fine times

here, H. and I, when we sit down in the evening to study, with a good fire in the stove, and plenty of wood in the box; enough light, or, as father says, "good light, and enough of it," and everything pleasant and comfortable. If we only have a pocket-handkerchief apiece, we are quite happy.

My lesson in scanning haunts me to-night. I cannot help thinking of it every few minutes. But, *only two weeks more!* comes in at the other door of my thoughts, and is much the pleasantest of the two.

Your most affectionate friend and pupil,

ROBERT.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Sunday, Jan. 25, 1840.

. . . EVERYTHING goes on the same here; cold weather, and last Wednesday night a snow storm, such as you don't see in New Bedford often. The snow is a foot deep or more on a level, and in some places deep enough to almost bury you. It was quite a sight to see us boys all go hopping off to school the next morning. A thick snow storm still, for it lasted all the morning. And such a shouting and tumbling.

Sometimes a boy got almost swamped in a drift, and then we would have him for a laughing-stock, till a better one occurred. As for walking, either for exercise or pleasure, that is out of the question. If I can get to school and back again safe, it is as much as I can expect, and more than often falls to my share. For what with snow and ice, crutches, coats, and canes, and about five pounds of Latin and Greek, (which are very hard and heavy commodities,) strung around my neck in a great green bag, and dangling in the way; besides a good deal of dignity to support, being now a member of the F. S. T., or Golden Branch Society, to which I was admitted a week ago yesterday — what with all these things, it is not to be wondered at that I sometimes have rather hard work to keep up a dignified and upright position. Yesterday afternoon some of us boys had a fine snow-balling frolic, and some quite good fun for Saturday afternoon. I have entirely recovered from my cold, and am now as well as ever I was. And also, tell Mr. Morison, Greek begins to come easier. We are in the Minora now, and I really take some pleasure getting it out, which is more than I ever have before.

Yours, affectionately, ROBERT SWAIN.

TO J. H. MORISON.

DEAR MR. MORISON. Exeter, Feb. 1, 1840.

. . . I WILL try to write to you as freely as I can, and if my letters are not so well expressed and interesting as you could wish, yet you must take the will for the deed.

To begin with my studies. I am getting on very well; but I fear I am rather a slow scholar. I can't get my lessons as quickly as the other boys; and so, while they have a good deal of time out of school, for reading, attending lectures, or anything else that is going on, I have to stay at home, digging on my old Latin and Greek. And then I don't know my lessons any better than the others, after all. Not that they are hard, the Latin at least; but somehow I can't get them without spending a good deal of time. All the time in school, except just before reciting Latin, I spend on my Greek, and that is barely sufficient to get it in. Now there is not a boy in my class that has to study so much time to so little purpose. If by studying more, I could get my lessons correspondingly better, I should not mind it; but, as it is, I don't think it fair. The probable cause is, that I *cannot* remember the meaning of

words, especially Greek words. But as you cannot offer any remedy for my want of memory, I will say *satis*. . . . .

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR FATHER, Exeter, March 8, 1840.

. . . I WAS quite glad to get the scolding you sent about my writing, for I know I deserve it, and should have been disappointed if it had not come. I have nothing to say in defence, except that now we have compositions to write, and I cannot write them, and take pains about my writing. It is just the same with letters. After I get interested in them, I never can think about the writing; and if I do, the letters are good for nothing. So I have determined to let it go, consoling myself with the reflection that almost all *great literary men* are poor writers. The spelling I will try to correct as much as possible: for I feel the trouble, not to say disgrace of it not a little. To have Mr. French hand me my composition, and ask me with a very sober face how to spell half a dozen little words, which I should have

thought too small to have a place in my memory, is rather mortifying, you must allow.

What do you think of my staying at Naushon next summer? And what does Mr. Morison think about it, for I suppose he is the one to decide whether it will be best for me or not. It seems to me I shall know how to value Naushon more than I ever did before. I have had more pleasure there in one afternoon than I have had here this whole winter. That is, one sort of pleasure; for though I have not had so much *fun*, yet I think I never spent a winter so profitably, or with so much good to myself. It has taught me to value Mr. M.'s teaching also; and if I stay at home, I shall want him to be more strict, to make me study harder than I used to with him.

TO J. H. MORISON.

MY DEAR MR. MORISON, Exeter, March 15, 1840.

I CAN hardly believe it is so long a time since you were here. The weeks fly round like a great wheel, so swiftly, that were it not for two spokes being a little longer than the others, and giving us a jolt now and then, we should not know how fast it did go round. I think I never

passed so short a winter, though I may have pleasanter ones.

You ask me whether I can study as well at Naushon alone, as here at school. Whether I *can* or not, I don't know; but most certainly I did not, or I should and ought to have been fitted for college by next commencement. And I am sorry enough about it, too. But perhaps it is not fair to compare the summer with the winter studying; and, never having been here a summer term, I cannot tell how it would be. You had better decide on whatever you think best; and as long as it is for me to spend any time on the island, you may be sure I shall be satisfied with your decision.

Last night we had quite a heavy fall of snow, and this morning the ground was covered six or eight inches deep. I never saw the trees so completely loaded as they were early this morning. Every little branch had its back covered with as much snow as it could possibly bear, and some of them were bent almost double with the weight. Old Winter seemed to have come back in good earnest. But we gave him such a warm reception, that he was glad to be off again. And now he has withdrawn his forces, except a few straggling companies, who are

scattered about the field of battle; and they take every opportunity to run off down the hills, and escape by the river as fast as they can. It is getting rather late now, and mother would say it was time for me to go to bed; and, as I am of the same opinion, I will bid you good night.

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Exeter, March 30, 1840.

I HAVE about half an hour before school time, and I don't think of any more profitable way to spend it, than by telling you how well I am, how pleasantly everything goes on, and (what follows of course) how fast the time flies. To begin with the first, since you generally have the most fears about that. Though I may not be *quite* so fleshy as a certain person, whom I believe we are both acquainted with, yet I have not been so free from all colds, and everything approaching to them, this year at least. And it is not because I don't have time and opportunity enough, for we have had a continued succession of snow and rain, and weather of all

sorts and descriptions. There was a change of forty degrees between the thermometer one day and the next. The birds all came, made their arrangements for building, engaged rooms, &c., and a few days after, the snow was lying on the ground a foot deep — capital sleighing — and the robins looking round, quite amazed at the sudden change.

Wednesday. I received your letter to-day, mother, and thank you for it; though I am afraid the easterly weather had some effect on your spirits, just then. I would not have you concerned about me. As I said before, I am more free from everything like a cold than I was any time last winter, or spring, or summer either.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

April 9th, 1840. Took a walk round by the Judge's. Stopped a few moments at the grave-yard, and found the tomb of John Phillips, the founder of Phillips Exeter Academy, which suggested sundry moralizing reflections, such as would naturally occur. For I know of nothing that can call up the past, present and future more strongly than a grave-yard. Truly

a man is known by his works. Not only while living, but even after he himself has ceased his labors, his character is known, and his influence is still widely extended by the works he has left. Such a man as Mr. Phillips exerts an influence over the whole country, though his active labors have ceased long since. "Such a man never dies."

But, fearing I should lose my breakfast, I hurried home. Alas, for moralizing!

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR FATHER, April, 26, 1840.

. . . I AM longing for vacation. This week, that has just past, has seemed longer than the last four. I am afraid the fishing will be over before I get home. . . . Every time I think of our Naushon fishing excursion last May, and every time one of these warm, mild, summer days make their appearance, Latin and Greek seem very dull in comparison to the many images fancy conjures up. But though the next ten days may seem as long as twenty common ones, yet they will have an end some time, and that cannot be very far off.

We are having a beautiful thunder-shower here now, and I must stop to look out and watch it. So, good night.

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO MISS A. M. D.

DEAR ANNIE, Exeter, Tuesday, June 9, 1840.

. . . I was sitting quietly by my window, getting out, as the phrase is here, a lesson in Sallust, when I was suddenly roused by cries of distress, and, looking out, saw a robin hopping, fluttering, and screaming from branch to branch, on an apple-tree, near by; and, climbing up the tree, was a large black cat, slowly and stealthily creeping along towards his nest, and looking very much ashamed of what she was doing, as I have no doubt she was. I called to my chum H., who was in the room. He snatched up the tongs, being the only weapon at hand, and ran to the window; but finding the tongs could not reach twenty feet out of the window, and as they were not particularly well calculated to send flying through the thick branches of an apple-tree, which he at first proposed to do, they were thrown down, and

he looked about for something else. Nothing was to be found but Latin and Greek grammars, lexicons, &c., and they, not being used to flights of fancy or reality, could hardly have borne so great a transition. Seeing nothing could be done here, I ran down stairs into the garden, and, snatching up a stone, threw, or rather fired it, as the boys would say, at the cat. Now some ill-natured persons would call it luck, "all chance," but I say it was pure skill, and nothing else. Be that as it may, the stone struck the feline monster, and down she came tumbling to the ground, and then sneaked off into a hole under the house, to brood over her misfortune. "Cruel boy," you will say; but if you could have heard the rejoicings of the robin, you would soon have forgotten, at least disregarded, the injured state of poor pussy's feelings.

Exeter is quite a different place from what it was last term. Summer has thrown a green veil over everything, which very much improves the appearance of the good town. I wonder some of the houses do not feel envious, and take root, and put forth leaves themselves. Some of them are irregular, and rough enough for trees now; and nature would furnish, for

nothing, that which, they seem to think costs a great deal, a coat of paint.

Every time I look out our window, and see the trees, and sky, and everything looking so beautiful, it sets quite a train of thought in motion through my brain — something like a steam-engine, running round a circle, with a long train of cars attached thereto. Naushon being the engine, takes the lead, drawing after it a long train of boats, birds, fish, flesh, and fowl, and many other things too numerous to mention. All of which generally ends in my going to the table, taking up the almanac, and calculating to an hour when I shall get home.

CHAPTER IV.

CONTINUATION OF HIS SCHOOL-BOY DAYS AT EXETER ACADEMY.

Age 18-19.

In the month of June Robert returned home to spend the summer months at Naushon. Finding that he could not be prepared for entering college at the next commencement, as was his first intention, he concluded to study more leisurely on account of his health, and spend the summer at home, continuing his studies under Mr. M.'s instruction. While at Naushon, he attempted to keep a journal, but he was too happy in the present to take much note of the past. After commencing and persevering in it awhile, he says, "Alas! for my journal. I find the more I enjoy, the less I write. And now, I have enjoyed so much, and written so little, that it is almost impossible for me to remember half what I have done."

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Naushon, Wednesday, June 24th, 1840. I arrived at Naushon to-day from Exeter, *via*

New Bedford and Milton. And as this is the last summer I shall probably spend here for several years, I propose keeping a slight account of the occurrences, accidents, exploits, &c. that may chance to happen in the course of the same; particularly those in which "ego ipse" am concerned. Not, however, with any idea of publication, for these remarks are intended and written for no one but myself, and if anybody should have the temerity to read thus far, either from chance or evil design, let him pause. And if, after what I have said, he turns over this leaf, let it be at his peril; he has chosen a course that will inevitably lead to ———, the end of this book, if he continues long enough. Therefore I say, beware!

Friday, 26th. This morning I waked up the inhabitants of Bull's Neck, with dogs and gun, in vain pursuit of wild cats and birds. But as they would not be brought down, after being woke up, I returned early, having effected nothing. Then, after some time spent in getting together oars, sails, ballast, &c. I had a sail in my boat; and stopping at Brownell's, shot a rice-bird, a pepe, and chased a flying, whistling, liquidizing, rakish-looking bird all over Uncatena, who always kept just out of

gun-shot, and flew round and round me, as though he was trying to charm me away, by encircling me with a spell.

In the afternoon I took cousin Eliza G. over to Woodville, to the steamboat, and had a fine sail. We returned *via* Lone-rock passage, and coming through the hole, met skipper Gifford, with three large bass, which he had caught while we were going and gone, one of them weighing twenty-seven and a quarter pounds; I took it on board, and shall carry it to Bedford to-morrow in the Fawn, if she goes.

Tuesday, June 30. The Fawn went off last Saturday, and I went in her. The next afternoon, as father was not going on to Naushon for several days, he put the Fawn in my charge, and said he had no objection to our going upon a sword-fishing excursion, if we could get hands enough to manage her. . . . . So we started off and arrived at Naushon quite early in the afternoon. After sunset we set out on our cruise, but by the time we got out of the harbor the wind died away, a dead calm, so we cast anchor and waited for the wind. . . . . About twelve o'clock they got under weigh with a light breeze, and when I got up in the morning we were off the west end of the island, beating up towards

Cuttyhunk. And a fine sail we had too, over the waters. The sky and the sea were bright and blue, and here and there the white sails of a sloop, or boat, some near by, and some far off in the distance. And then the islands stretched away along on our left, just mellowed by the distance we were from them; so that instead of sand-hills, barely covered with grass, they looked like fairy lands, soft with velvet and purple. And our picture, not like the pictures on mother earth, was constantly changing. As we passed on, the islands assumed different shapes; as some were left behind us, new ones appeared. And the vessels, too, were gradually left behind. One by one, the Fawn came up with them, passed them, and went on her course. The wind freshened, and we soon went skimming along, now rising gradually over the ocean swell, that came heaving in, — now shooting down from our temporary elevation, the white sails filling and swelling out with the wind, and careening her over till the water came gurgling into the lee-scuppers, and her gunwale almost touched the waves. We cruised about some time without finding anything, and I laid down on the deck and went to sleep. The wind still freshened, and instead of gliding gracefully

over the long ocean waves, we plunged tearing into them, while the spray flew over her bows, and the wind whistled through the rigging. Suddenly William sang out, "There's a sword-fish. All hands upon deck, and awake. Hard up your helm." I jumped off my berth, on the larboard seat, and seized the helm, as that had been appointed my office. "Steady as you go, luff a little, hard up." And then as we rose on a wave, down went the iron. But the vessel was smoking and pitching along, and the motion was so unsteady, that he did not hit. The weapon was buried, not in the fish, but in the water; so we luffed up in the wind, and lowered down our foresail, and chased him again; but it was all to no purpose. So after cruising about some time longer, we steered down Sound for home, where we arrived in due season, after spending an hour, tide-bound, in Wood's Hole, with much pleasure, little glory, and less profit.

Sunday, July 26. I have got sadly behind in my diary, and in truth there is so much going on here, it is almost impossible for me to keep up regular. I have had several pleasant excursions lately. One sword-fishing voyage with Capt. A., J. M. F. and father. We left the island on Wednesday last, and got off about ten

miles from Gay Head that evening. And most beautiful it was there too. The setting sun far off in the west, and the white sails of numerous vessels all around, while the Fawn, with her light sails all set, and swelling with the breeze, glided gracefully along; parting the blue waves from her prow, and shaking them off with a coquettish toss of the head, as a beauty flings back the dark ringlets from her forehead. And a beauty she is too, as free and graceful as any of them, with this advantage also, that she is not only fitted for the calm and gentle sailing of summer, but when the clouds gather round, the sea dashes its foaming billows over her, and the storm of winter comes down with all its fury, then she breasts it merrily; stooping her dark side to the water, with bending masts, and quivering frame; the sea flashing from her prow, and the white waves boiling and curling in her wake,

> "She walks the waters like a thing of life,
> And seems to dare the elements to strife."

Aug. 25. On Tuesday we started for a sword-fishing voyage off Nantucket Shoals, and so on to Nahant. We left Naushon with a party consisting of nine persons, and embarked on board the Fawn for a regular cruise. After go-

ing through Wood's Hole, we stood on to Holmes's Hole, where we took on board the pilot, whom we found on acquaintance to be about the same as no pilot at all. When he, with his bundle, hat, valise and pocket spy-glass was safely on board, we bore away for the Shoals. Just before sunset we came up with the light-ship, a clumsy-looking vessel, anchored out in the middle of the ocean, it seemed to us, and it must seem so to those on board of her. Five or six men there were of them, shut up in the hulk of a vessel, pitching and rolling to and fro all the time, and with the aggravation of seeing their fellow-creatures pass by, as it were just so that they should not forget there were others in the world besides themselves. And only seeing them pass too — no stop to the winged messengers; on, on they go. I would not live in one of those things for all the gold in the universe, and how others can, I don't see. When we had passed the light-ship, I went out on the bowsprit, to admire the clouds and the sunset. There was a splendid, white cloud in the north-east, which, continually changing in the sunlight, seemed to swell out and enlarge with the most beautiful alternations of light and shade, till it appeared like a palace worthy of

the spirits of air to inhabit. But as the sun went down, my cloud took a darker aspect, and began to extend along to the north and west, farther; and soon others appeared, till we began to think it was inhabited by spirits of another sort, and of a corresponding color, and our pilot began to talk of Holmes's Hole, of safe harbors, and in fact, seemed to regret very much that he was not in one. It was now about dark, and the wind was rapidly increasing, when, on account of the pilot's fears and predictions, the order was given to lower away the foresail and tack ship for Holmes's Hole again. In the night we passed the light-ship several times, as father's words or the pilot's fears predominated; but finally, as there was not much appearance of a storm after all, we went on our voyage, and the next morning we were off the Shoals. This fact I was made acquainted with by the increased motion of the vessel, long before I knew where we were. And that day I shall always remember with pleasure; though at the time, I did not enjoy it hardly at all, on account of sea-sickness. . . . In the morning I was brought on deck only by the knowledge that there were whales in sight. And I hardly got there before one rolled his

great glistening back out of the water, and then slowly disappeared again, so close to the vessel, that we could almost have harpooned him. It was a fine sight, and there were many more of them all around us. The sea was dark blue, with a short pitching swell, and a rough look. And then every few minutes, one of these great monsters would appear, opening the waters with a lashing sound like the combing over of a large wave on the beach. And the contrast between his great black body and the blue water around him! and yet it seemed just the place for him. I should like to be a whale, to feel so independent as these fellows were, and so strong; but I would keep a sharp look-out for these Nantucketers.

There was a good breeze, so we stood towards the cod-fishing ground, to catch some fish for dinner. Father was unwilling to spend much time in that business, as the wind was evidently decreasing, and he feared we should not be able to get on to the sword-fishing ground; so, as soon as we had caught five or six, we drew our foresheet, and stood on. We had gone but little way, with a light breeze, and that dying, when the man on the bowsprit sang out, "There 's a sword-fish." And there he was; a large, black

looking fellow, swimming along, right ahead, entirely unconscious of our approach; and when we got still nearer, he did not pay the least attention to us till the bowsprit was right over him; and then it was too late. William was watching his slightest movement, with a coil of rope in one hand and a sharp iron in the other; and when he was directly under him, raised his iron high, poised it, and sent it down, and the fish sprang forward with a foot of it buried in his flesh. "Hurrah! we've got him now," was the shout. . . . . .

We cruised about till four o'clock in the afternoon without seeing any more fish, and by that time the wind all left us, or there was so little that we scarcely moved. The sea was smooth and glazed on the surface, and yet heaving with the never-ceasing ocean swell, while all around us were cod and mackerel fishermen; some far off in the distance, some so near that we could see the men on board. Father counted eighty of them in sight at one time. It was a beautiful scene. The sun was making his farewell bow to the sea before retiring to rest, and the sea had smoothed down her wrinkles, put on her most smiling face to bid him good-night. And the fish too, and the fishermen,

and all her courtiers, had taken advantage of the lady's good humor, she, doubtless, being pleased and flattered by the attentions of so fine a gallant. The whales and the sword-fish had all come up to see the flirtation. The stormy petrel and the white sea-gulls were hovering round, waiting to carry soft messages, and catch the last lingering glance of the royal beau.

The following extract shows that, amidst all the enjoyments of this outward world, Robert was cherishing within a life that must gain strength and beauty as the things of time should pass away. The reflections are to be considered as of a general character, rather than as applying to the particular instance before him.

Naushon, July 10, 1840. This last week has been an eventful one. We were called off, mother and I, (for father had gone before,) in the first part of the week, —— being very sick. It was Sunday evening when the Fawn arrived at New Bedford, and I never had a more calm and beautiful sail than from Palmer's island up to the wharf. We just moved along with a scarcely perceptible breeze, the sails hanging idly to the mast, and the water calm as a

mirror. William and I were the only sailors, and as each knew what to do, there were no harsh orders or unnecessary noise, and everything went on quietly. There seemed to be a tacit agreement between the land and the sea, that nothing should disturb the serenity of the evening. The sound of the tolling bells came over the water, softened and mellowed. The noise of the town, and even the barking of a dog, was not unpleasant to the ear. All seemed to feel that it was Sunday evening, and should be kept quiet and calm. And not *all* either; for then a boat passed us, with some girls and noisy sailors, and the sound of their voices, and the splashing of their oars, disturbed the tranquillity of our scene. But soon they were passed, and distance, softening their voices, brought them to us so mellowed, that even they did not seem at variance with the evening. We met —— at the wharf, who told us —— was more comfortable; but it was only a temporary change. Soon he was worse again; and Tuesday morning, he died. It is a simple sentence that, and often used with hardly a thought of what it means. But there are not two words in our language that express so much. He died! Taken away from the midst of life's

busy scenes, from his cares, his business, his troubles, how is it possible that a man can commune with the pure spirits of heaven? How can one be fitted to enjoy their pleasures and to be like them, who is suddenly snatched from this world, where all his thoughts are centred, and all his desires and wishes fixed? It would seem as though he must be unable to enjoy, and unfitted to appreciate, anything there. But it is the outward man that departs; and how can we tell what the inward immortal spirit is? and how can we tell what noble thoughts and how firm a reliance on Providence may lie concealed in that heart which is now gone? — concealed only because circumstances have not called them forth! Such heavy blows are needed, to make us feel that there is another life, for which we must be constantly preparing. We *know* it now; our mind and our reason tell us it is true, and yet without some such calamity to bring it vividly before us, we should not realize it. And even now, though we may place it first in our minds, and resolve that it shall influence all our actions, yet other thoughts come in, and crowd it up in a corner, till it is covered up, and lost sight of again, by the many thoughts and pleasures with which our every-day life is filled.

TO J. H. MORISON.

Exeter, Sunday evening, Nov. 1840.

DEAR MR. MORISON,

. . . I HAVE been reading your "Classic Poets," which I think is a real Tantalus, in the active voice. It gives you nice tit-bits and extracts, just enough to make you want more. I begin to like Greek now. It seems a language of poetry when you get through the gulf of grammar that surrounds it. I mean to make quite a Greek scholar yet. I should like to get the Homeric poems, and read them too. I am going to read Milton this winter. I have got one volume of Herodotus to finish yet. I want to read Franklin's Life, of which we have a fine copy in the library; I want to read some of Rollin again; I want to read the History of England and France; I want to read everything, and I have no time to read it in.

O, how I wish I had a lathe to turn out time with. I'd fix a steam engine to it, and the way I'd heap up bushel baskets full would be a caution to beginners. I must say one word to scold at the Georgics; it will really do me good. Of all the Latin that ever I studied, they are the driest, toughest, most uninteresting, and most unpoetical. What Virgil should try to twist

such a subject into poetry for, I don't see. I can't make them go, any how. I owe him a grudge, for I have been screwed every lesson that I have recited in them. . . . .

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR FATHER, Exeter, Friday, Nov. 27, 1840.

You say, if you had known that I was out of school, you certainly would have come down here. If you had, and on that account, I would not have owned you. Come down here, just because I was out of school for a day or two! . . . If you want to know what was the matter, the doctor said I was a little bilious; and so, doctor-like, gave me a dose of medicine, which I, like a good boy, swallowed with many woful faces, and by which I was made dreadfully sick. The next day he gave me another, which I, remembering my former experience, carefully administered in a nice bit of turkey to our old dog Rollo; whereby he went moping about the house on the following day, with a most submissive expression of countenance, and with chops as long as a loco-foco; and on the same day I went to school.

This is the last letter you may expect from

me, till New Year's, at least, for fear of causing you any more frights. If I go to school, you are afraid I shall injure my precious self studying too hard. If I stay at home, you know I must be dreadful sick, because I don't go to school. Please tell me what I am to do. . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Exeter, Jan. 14, 1841.

I ARRIVED here safe, in spite of your fears, and you see that almost the first thing I do is to obey your directions; so you may conclude I am safe, in mind as well as body.

I must confess that I felt a little homesick yesterday afternoon. When I had unpacked my trunk, and arranged my things, and the reality of the long sixteen weeks began to appear, you will not wonder that my thoughts should turn upon home — the pleasant vacation that I have just passed, and the time that must elapse before another will come. That is one of the advantages of going away to school — you learn what a blessing home is. And I do not believe there is any other way by which you can be made to appreciate it so fully. Homesickness, however, does not last long with

me, and, now that I have got settled down in my regular Exeter duties, I would not be at home if I could. . . . .

TO THE SAME.

DEAR MOTHER, Exeter, Feb. 14, 1841.

. . . I SEE very little company this term. Hav'nt been to the Judge's but once, and Dr. Abbot's but once since I came back. The evening is the only time we have for writing; and when I get a good cheerful fire in my room, the lamps lighted, and books all ready on the table, I do hate to leave so many friends, "silent friends" though they are. I am getting along very well here now; though I sometimes think I look rather thin. But that I attribute to the want of exercise; and as soon as it comes spring, and we get all the snow off the ground, I intend to make up for lost time in that respect. The ground has been covered with snow here for these two weeks past. Most excellent sleighing it is, but very poor walking. The snow fell a foot deep or more, so that it is impossible to walk anywhere out of the beaten road; and that is slippery, and precious little fun. I find the cold Exeter weather agrees

with me much better than the warm New Bedford weather, of which we have had quite a specimen all through January. I go out here in the coldest of it without an overcoat, and never experience any inconvenience; but as soon as the sloppy time comes, I am sure to catch cold. . . . .

TO A SCHOOL-MATE.

DEAR E., Philadelphia, March 30, 1841.

You will be surprised, no doubt, to receive a letter from me, dated at this good city; but have patience, and I will tell you all. You know I left Exeter very unexpectedly, and before I got to Boston the measles came out on my face. I arrived at home without any difficulty, however, and in a week or ten days I was so far recovered as to go out. But in some way or other I took cold, which brought on a fever and that confined me to the house about as much longer, and, in fact, I just escaped an attack of the lung fever, which would have been rather tough. When I got better, as mother was very desirous of avoiding our east winds, and as I was rather pulled down by my sickness, and unable to use my eyes, so that it was use-

less for me to attempt to study, we made a trip on here to this city of brotherly love. It is very pleasant here, and uncomfortably hot. We have the windows open all day, and in the evening also. The grass is green, and some of the trees appear quite green too. I shall be right glad to get back to Exeter again. I have nothing to do here, except to see the city and the sights, and I have done nothing since I left you. I have not been able to read at all, for the measles, as you know, perhaps, affects the eyes, more or less, and leaves them very weak.

P. S. Give my best regards to all the boys in general and to Hammond in particular. Tell him, if he wants me to get or bring anything for him from Boston, when I pass through, I should he glad to do it. He was very kind to me before I left, and at a time when I was too sick to do much for myself. He got my books, ran my errands, and did a good many things for me, and I should like to do something in return.

I shall be with you, if nothing prevents, in two or three days after I get home, that is, if my eyes are well enough to study. They admonish me now that I have written full enough, and that I must bring my letter to a close.

With best regards to G. and the family, I remain your affectionate friend.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Friday, July, 2, 1841. To-day we had the most glorious *clap* that the old schoolhouse has seen since I have been here. We boys sent in a petition to Mr. Soule, praying for Monday, (the fourth of July,) as a holiday, and for to-morrow as a day of preparation. So after the usual exercise of prayers was concluded, we all sat waiting for Mr. Soule's customary speech. He began by saying that Monday was ours, of course; but as for Saturday, we should each of us lose two recitations, which we could ill afford to do; for that some of us would have hardly time enough to go through with our necessary studies. That Monday was time sufficient to celebrate the fourth, and to perform all the necessary preparations; and that they had determined, after carefully investigating the matter, and after mature deliberation, *to grant us Saturday also.* There was some change in the expression of faces in the room, when that finishing clause came out, I rather think. For myself, I could have thrown up my cap, and given him three times three with a will; and if there would not have been plenty to join me, I am very much mistaken in our Exeter scholars.

Mr. Soule then went on to give us some advice about propriety, and restraining our exuberance of spirits; and concluded by wishing us a very pleasant time. "And now," said he, "if you wish to express your feelings," — and he stretched out his hands in an attitude that could not be mistaken. Every pair of hands went up; and, as Mr. Soule took the lead, such a clap arose, that the old schoolhouse echoed again — three times three, loud, clear, and distinct — one hundred and forty hands, and a will to move them. O, it was glorious! my hands have ached ever since. Talk about the hurrahs of an army, or the shouts of a mob — if they can give one half so good a clap as we had, I should like to hear them.

LINES WRITTEN BY ROBERT, AND DATED JULY 8, 1841.

I would not lie in a marble tomb,
Though purple robes and jewels fair
Shone through the darkness and solemn gloom,
And art had left its trophies there;

And sculptured forms, so true to life,
Were carved on the pure and silent stone,
That they seemed like figures of angels bright,
Who were sorrowing over the spirit gone;

Though noble halls, and arches grand,
Enclosed the place where my body lay,
And kings, the greatest of the land,
Were buried there till endless day.

I would not lie in a dreary tomb;
For cold and dark would be my sleep,
Where no pure light from the gentle moon,
Or glancing rays from the sun could creep.

But I would lie in the wild, wild wood,
Afar from the splendor and wealth of men;
Where the rustling pines, in their solitudes,
And whispering winds my fate should tell.

And there, in the green turf above my head,
(For not e'en a fence should guard it round,)
The listening hare should make his bed,
And the deer should sport with leap and bound.

And when the summer evenings came,
And still and calm all nature lay,
My spirit would joy to visit again,
And around my simple grave to stay.

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR FATHER, Exeter, July 16, 1841.

I saw Mr. Soule this evening again. He says I can do as I like about leaving here; that he would wish me to be back two weeks before exhibition, in order to have time for rehearsal, and that I must decide for myself how long to stay,

and when to leave. I do not think I can get off to-morrow, although, if I do not go then, I can have but two weeks at Naushon. The fact is I do not want to go at all. I am so busily, so pleasantly engaged here, that not even Naushon, when seen through the perspective of one hundred miles, can call me away. What with Latin poetry and Greek, and pleasant classes and interesting lessons in school, and two afternoons a week with their expeditions and companies of boys, and the evening walks and pleasant companions out of school, I have no great desire to leave, I assure you; though if I once got settled down at Naushon, I should not like to leave there either. I will agree to come the 24th, however, and stay two weeks, and if you are very desirous of having me spend more time there, and write a very persuasive letter, I may be induced to come next week.

TO MISS A. M. D.

DEAR ANNIE, Exeter, July 17, 1841.

. . . If you wish to hear what we schoolboys are doing — schoolboys for the last time — I will endeavor to tell you, and make a virtue of necessity, for I can write about nothing

else. Two or three subjects engross all our time and thoughts. Your letter seemed to wake me from a kind of trance. It immediately struck my mind that there were other places in the world beside Exeter, and that there must be other people. I do not mean to say that I have forgotten you all entirely; but, to tell the truth, I have thought very little about you, or what might be going on at home these last five weeks. The fact is, I have been so entirely occupied, since my return, with Latin poetry, which we have been busy writing, with Greek and with algebra, that I have thought of little else. Square roots and cube roots have been my constant companions, and I have found myself resolving a row of houses into an "infinite series," and scanning a shoemaker's sign into hexameter verse. I never had so delightfully busy a summer. The walks, with a pleasant companion or friend on the banks of our river — the moonlight walks — the expeditions, and intercourse, and friendship with the boys. Just the sort of enjoyment that I know you would select for *students*. You can think how pleasant it must be, when I tell you that I have permission from Mr. Soule to leave for Naushon today, and to stay three weeks; but that, instead

of going immediately, I shall take one week off the vacation, and should not go at all, if father did not think it decidedly best. Exhibition is coming on too, and we are all preparing for that. Would you not like to see a certain bashful, modest youth on the stage, addressing a large audience, composed of the learned of the land, and in high-flown language descanting upon the — the —. Alas! I have not even chosen a subject yet.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR ANNIE, Saturday, Aug. 21, 1841.

I KNOW you feel enough interested in my fate to wish to hear whether I survived our Exeter Exhibition or not, and so I will steal time to tell you. I got off finely — first-rate. I was not prompted, or bothered, or deaded, as it is called here, upon any part of my piece; and although it would have taken very little to disturb my self-possession, yet I managed to preserve the outward appearance of coolness and unconcern; how, I do not know; — I was afraid to look up or down, to the right or left; and except one slight glance at Dr. Abbot and the Judge, who were

directly in front of me, I saw nothing till I left the stage. But when I did leave it, and was safely through, I would not have changed places with any one in this world. I felt much more than perfectly delighted and happy. Why! they gave *me* the only clap that was given through the whole exhibition! — even *me!* — who never once thought of such a thing, and the summit of whose desire was to get off without blundering.

Now I think I have heard you call me a modest youth, Annie. But I fear my character for modesty will be entirely gone with you, after reading this page; and lest it should be the same with others, I request you will show this to no one. And to save myself with you at least a little, I can say that I would have written it to no one else but mother, and only did so now because I thought you had a friendly interest in my success. Excuse me this once, and I will say no more in the boastful line, till I get into college at least; and I hope I shall have something to boast of there, but it is very dubious. We had a capital exhibition; everything went off well. But I must stop. My Greek grammar lies very uninvitingly open. The day after to-morrow is (college) examina-

tion. Do give me your good wishes, for I shall need them all, then,

Yours, affectionately,

ROBERT SWAIN.

EXTRACT FROM ROBERT'S EXHIBITION PART.

ALL true distinctions, and, still more, all real excellence, must be the product of our own minds. Talents and knowledge, and strength of principle and character, cannot be entailed upon us, like estates. Each one must obtain them for himself, by his own labor and exertions; and though other things may assist or retard his progress, yet his final success depends on himself alone. It is for us now, as schoolboys, as students, to form the groundwork of our character; to sink a well, deep down to the very fount of knowledge, from which, during the dry journey of life, we may draw refreshing draughts to revive our drooping spirits.

To those who will do nothing towards making their own way along, all the good fortune in the world is useless; while to the youth firmly resolved, that, in spite of every difficulty, he will hew out a fortune for himself, every-

thing lends a helping hand. The sea, with its heaving billows and unfettered power, teaches him of freedom, boundless, unquestioned freedom; and he may wander on its shores, and gaze upon its waters, till, like the great Athenian orator, he is inspired with eloquence and power. The mountains, with snowy peaks parting the clouds, point to that Heaven which should be the aim of all his labors; and with their firm base, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," fill him with the hope that, when he departs, he may leave behind him monuments as lasting as themselves. Nature, with all her voices, joins in the chorus of "onward, still onward."

And so should we do now; with the firm resolve and lasting purpose — with the determination that, through discouragement and disappointment, we will make our own way bravely and fearlessly. How many have stood where I stand now, and gazed upon these walls for the last time. They have gone forth to other scenes — some into the various professions, and some into the pursuits of literature and science. The careless age of happy boyhood is past; they are scattered abroad through the world. Many, for want of confidence in self, and a determination to raise themselves by their own efforts,

have sunk into obscurity. Their names, as we read them in our catalogue, awaken no sensations: while others, starting from the same point, have placed their names high, as beacon stars to guide us on. And shall we not follow!

"The lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the path of time."

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Saturday, Aug. 15, 1841. My Exeter days are almost gone. Next Wednesday is examination. Thursday, exhibition. Friday, we all leave. Two years I have been here, counting my absences; and they have been the two pleasantest years of my life, at least they are so to look back upon. Two years! The last of my schoolboy days! I never can recall them. I never can spend two such again. They are gone! gone!! gone!!! I feel the value of every moment I have lost now. Within the last few days all my former feelings and thoughts have come back to me again. I think I see myself away from home for the first time, wandering about old Exeter, perfectly

homesick through and through; acquainted with no one in the school or town, and looking forward to my sixteen weeks as anything but a pleasant prospect. I remember when my father left me in the school-yard. How I felt! We neither of us said much; but I went into the schoolhouse, and sat down in my seat, feeling so perfectly and entirely melancholy, that I would have given up everything for home. But we little know what is before us. My last term, my last year has been so pleasant, that I have not wished to go home. And now it is all past. I have come to a full stop in the page of life. What is done is done. And now for examination, exhibition — examination, college. Four years from now may I be able to look back upon my college experience with as much pleasure as I now can on OLD EXETER.

CHAPTER V.

HIS COLLEGE LIFE.

Age 19.

ROBERT entered Harvard University in August, 1841. His journal, while there, was mostly taken up with particulars respecting his recitations, and the details of college life. It shows him, with an exuberance of boyish spirits, entering heartily into the innocent amusements of the place, and sometimes giving way to more serious thoughts.

FROM HIS COLLEGE JOURNAL.

August, 1841. Examination is just over. What the result is, we none of us know. Shall find out at five o'clock.

Two such days I never passed. They may talk about examination being easy, and not half what it is said to be. It may be so for one who is a first-rate scholar, and pretty quick in his operations; but, for my part, I don't like to be *drove*. I never had such tough work. The first day it was tolerable; but in the afternoon,

thinking I had plenty of time, I did not hurry my arithmetic, but stopped to prove all my sums; so that I was awfully hurried in my algebra. I was working away, like a Trojan, when H., who had done his sums, came and sat down by me, and telling me to hurry so as to get out soon, asked to look over my paper, and without my asking him, or saying anything about it to him, he did four of the last sums on a separate piece of paper, which I had not come to, but which I knew were easy by the looks of them, and throwing the paper on the table, said, "Swain, there are your sums," and getting up, left the room. Now —— —— was looking on, and immediately came up and took the paper, which was lying on the desk, and casting his eye over it, said, "This will never do. Who gave you this?" I told him. He did not like it at all, and told me I should have to do my mathematics over again, in all probability. And in a few moments after he called in all the algebra, and I had to hand mine up, though the last sum was not done. I never felt so in all my days. I had not copied it off; some was on one paper, and some on another; the last sum unattempted, the next to the last unfinished, and just three minutes allowed you

to sign your name and hand them up. Such a mingling of feelings! It seemed to me that I was charged with electricity so full, that I could hardly contain myself, and I expected every moment to go off with an explosion. I do believe that my head was, for the time at least, nothing but an electrical machine working away for life, and disseminating the fluid over my whole body. How I survived it, I don't know. The Exeter exhibition was bad enough, but goodness! it was a mere circumstance to this. I would not pass such another three days! why it would be as much as my life is worth.

In some of the examination I got off tolerably easy. The geography was a mere farce. A divinity student examined us. He is a first-rate fellow, I know. He laughed at the mistakes as well as we, and they were not a few. I have seldom spent a more amusing half hour than that. He asked M. what peninsula there is in the Black Sea? M. hesitated a little, and then said, "Greece, sir." "Swain, what is the capital of Missouri?" "Why-y, Indianopolis, sir." One fellow was asked what two countries are separated by the Alps? He answered North and South America." In Cicero, —— told C., who had been translating rather wide

of the mark, that he was wrong. C. contended that he was right. —— translated the passage to him, and proved that he was all wrong. C. then said, "Why, yes, sir, mine was a free translation." Said ——, "I do not like *does* free translations, *dey destroys all de sense.*"

Saturday, 29th. After the examination was over, and such an examination — it makes me tremble to think of it — after it was all over, we had to wait two hours to see whether we were admitted. And then we were marched up into the President's room, where all the faculty were assembled, and each one learned his fate. All our section were admitted clear but one. Eight fellows were turned by entirely. In Latin and Greek I got in clear, but that algebra business fixed me. Not having done the last sum, I was put by in simple equations; and if there was anything in my whole course that I was prepared on, it was equations; and, if I could have had ten minutes, I could have done any sum he gave me. I told him, when I gave in my algebra, that my last sum was not finished, and asked for a few minutes time. But no, he must have the exercise now, and finished or not, I must hand mine up. And then to turn us by for no mistake, but for want of time

only, I thought too bad. And besides that, in ancient geography I was turned by, and I cannot remember that a single question was asked me in it. If it had been modern geography, I should not have thought it strange. And by that clever, pleasant divinity student, too! Upon the whole, I don't think he was so clever as I at first thought him.

TO HIS PARENTS.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

Nahant, Wednesday, 25th.

Now I have time, I will tell you my experience more at length. I am here at Nahant, safe, in spite of all I have gone through. I have had an investigation, and find I have sustained no bodily injury from the examination, though as regards my mental faculties, I am not so certain. Perhaps a person can bear being driven about for two days, pushed, and shoved, and marched up and down stairs, and kept going and moving all the time, without experiencing any physical injury. But to have all your faculties wound up to the utmost point, and your brains going like a steam engine for two days, and to have everything round you like a New York

steamer, at the very last minute of starting, — orders given out, people hurrying, everything in an uproar; — have all this, and imagine whether any one can go through a Cambridge examination, without seriously disorganizing his mind. But, in fact, I never went through anything like it. The examination was not so very difficult, perhaps, if one could have had time. But they drive us all the time we are there — there was nothing but hurry, hurry, hurry. . . .

TO AN EXETER SCHOOL-MATE.

DEAR E., Cambridge, Aug. 30th, 1841.

I think we made a sort of mutual agreement to write to each other, if it did not amount to a promise, and you must give me credit for beginning so promptly. The fact is, I have a good deal to tell you. . . . .

Here I am at old Harvard — entered, not quite clear, but pretty well, considering — and passed through the toughest examination that ever I experienced; I never expected anything like it. Seven fellows were turned by entirely. . . . . The whole examination was tremendous. We were driven for time, all the second

day, though in the first it was comparatively easy. They are raising the standard; so next year you must look out, Miram! I got off finely in Latin and Greek. . . . .

You have no idea how differently I feel here from what I did at Exeter. I am as *Fresh* as possible. I don't know anything — perfectly ignorant. It is raining, dark and gloomy; I am never homesick *now*. But you must not think it strange if your humble servant does feel a little lonesome. Lonesome! you will say, with five hundred boys around you? But you see, the boys are not *here;* and I think I shall find it a great drawback living out of the college buildings.

. . . Em, I must bid you farewell, with lots of good wishes for your enjoyment and success, whether as *teacher* or scholar; and, in the mean time, may you have a pleasant vacation. Give my best regards to your family circle — the Gilmans, when you see them. And believe me your most affectionate friend and schoolfellow, ROBERT SWAIN.

P. S. I approve highly of your correspondence plan. Do you remember that Benjamin Franklin kept up a correspondence with a friend, much to his improvement? What Ben

Franklins we will make! won't we, Miram? I wish to make one or two rules, concerning this great correspondence. One, that we shall neither of us ever offer an excuse for not writing, or answering letters soon enough. For the excuses take up half the letter, and are entirely useless. And the other, that in our answers we correct each other's letters, and send back the mistakes in a postscript. You will have the advantage of me there, for I am an awful bad speller, and shall need much correcting.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Cambridge, Sunday, Oct. 1841.

. . . I THINK of you often, particularly when pleasant days remind me of Naushon, and our delightful October walks and drawing excursions. I should enjoy spending a week at Naushon now, more than at any time. When I get through my last recitation, at half past twelve, I wish often to be transplanted for the afternoon, and set down on the trotting course, south shore, or anywhere on the island. But the gun I should want, you would not like to see.

Everything goes on well here. I am antici-

pating much pleasure from a visit to New Bedford on Thanksgiving day, 25th of next month. You will be settled at home then, and Mr. M. will be gone from our house that is. I don't know how I shall get along without him. I am afraid it will hardly seem like home to me. To have our little library vacant, all his books gone, his seat at table unoccupied; and more than all, his conversation, himself absent. Why, I don't know how you feel about it, but I am quite melancholy at the idea, which is rather unusual for me, I think. . . .

FROM HIS COLLEGE JOURNAL.

Saturday, Jan. 8th, 1842. Glorious! Was in Cambridge street walking out this afternoon, with a large bundle under my arm, when I met the President, walking. I bowed as respectfully as possible, to make up for not touching my hat, both hands being engaged. The President got a little by, when he said, "Swain!" "Yes, sir," said I. "Swain, are you walking out?" "Yes, sir," said I. "Well, Swain, I am going out in my carriage presently, and I'll take you out, if you like to ride." "Should be most

happy to," said I. "Well, then, if you'll wait at the toll-house, I'll meet you in a few minutes." "Yes, sir," said I, and on I walked. Now that was rather a gentlemanly thing for the President of a college to do to one of the students of the same, I think. Almost as soon as I got to the toll-house, the President came along, and in I got. He made a few remarks, after we got started, about its being a long walk for one with my inconveniences. I said, I was used to walking, walked a good deal, &c. . . . Had a pleasant ride. I compared his horse, who was rather frisky and ambitious to go, to some of his wild collegians, whom he found it rather difficult to restrain; at which the President unlocked the gates of his mouth and calmly smiled, as he checked, with firm hand, his bounding steed. "Ah, well," said he, relaxing the reins, "I hav'nt a word to say, I hav'nt a word to say. They have behaved very much like gentlemen this term." We arrived at Cambridge safe, and I got out at the University bookstore, and thanked him for my ride, and he said, "Not at all, *sir*, I am very glad to have the pleasure of your company." All of which I call rather polite than otherwise in the President.

Sunday, Jan. 9th. I have just heard a very sad piece of news: William Jarvis is dead! Morison saw it in a Salem paper, though we have not heard it from Exeter. William Jarvis! whom I boarded with, and was most intimate with, only four months ago. Of our number, there was scarce one so full of hope, so joyous and light-hearted. There was not one whom I would sooner trust as a true, faithful friend in the hour of need. And yet, all that time we were there together, at school and at home, in our sports and jokes and fun, laughing over the past, and laughing at the future, even then, his days were marked out; and when a new year came, he was not one amongst us. So near are we to death when we least think of it.

Wednesday night, Jan. 12th. Examination through with. Got my matriculation! got my circular, and bills in abundance! The term is wound up, and a good many of the fellows are wound up also. ——— is sent off for cutting prayers and recitations. E. and I went up in his room this evening. He feels badly about it, and I am sorry for him. It was rather melancholy, seeing a fellow packing up for the last time, his college course finished, or rather unfinished; sent off for neglect of the opportuni-

ties for his own improvement; while he himself looks back upon his college course as a thing that has been, and from which he has derived but little advantage.

TO AN EXETER SCHOOL-MATE.

DEAR E., New Bedford, Feb. 6, 1842.

THE vacation must not go past without hearing from you. I wrote just as the term ended, and have been expecting an answer ever since — three weeks of anxious expectation. . . . G. S. E., a to-be class-mate of yours, has been spending a week with me, which I have enjoyed very much. He is a fine fellow, as are *all of our class.* Next week, father and I go to Naushon to make a visit. We expect a glorious time. And now I have informed you concerning my designs and plans, I shall ask a few questions about yours. I have not heard one word about Willie Jarvis; and, unless Morison had seen it in a paper, should not have known of his death. I do not like to hear of old schoolfellows, and fellow-boarders too, dying, without one word from any one about them. With every one that goes I feel that a new link is broken, which binds me to boyhood and school-

boy days; and look back upon the past as something still farther removed. But, as one by one departs, the closer are we who are left brought together, *Em*, and the better friends are we, the fewer we are. I think a good deal of our boyish and college friendships. No matter what happens among families and old folks, we can and should remain the same. With Exeter generally I don't think I have so much interest as formerly; but with my friends I hope it remains unaltered.

Do write me, and tell me about the *remains* of the Golden Branch, and any other topic of interest in the school or town. And now I must stop; remaining, as ever

Your true friend,

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR E., New Bedford, Feb. 19, 1842.

OUR vacation is now drawing to a close. Next week is the last, and then I shall return once more to studies and — sobriety, I was going to say. But Heaven knows we have all been sober enough here for these last two weeks. My father has been very sick; so sick, that I

hardly dared to hope for his recovery; and, though better now, he is still dangerously, very dangerously ill. You have never stood in the same relation to your father, that I have to mine; and you cannot know the feelings the bare idea of his death would awaken. Having no brothers or sisters, he has always been both to me. I always feel and talk as freely with him as I do with you; and losing him, I should lose all, all in this world. I have very little to tell you, as you may suppose. Our expedition to Naushon will not happen this vacation; and Milton also I shall have to give up. . . . .

Give my regards to your father, mother, and family; also the Judge and Mrs. Smith and family, and the Gilman family; and believe me

Your affectionate friend,

ROBERT.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Cambridge, March 19, 1842.

I AM glad to hear from Edward that you are well enough to care to hear from me; and father, too, continues slowly improving. I have entirely recovered from my small attack of the blues, and am enjoying myself highly. Last

night we had a glorious fire. A large barn, about two miles from the town, full of hay, was burned to the ground. The engines came from all quarters, Boston, Charlestown, &c. &c.; but fortunately too late to put it out. It was a beautiful moonlight night. The dark sky set off the splendor of the fire, the cinders, and falling beams to great advantage; while the eager faces, the hallooings of men, and the rattling of engines, contrasted as strongly with the quiet moon, who looked down as calmly as she does upon our little harbor at Naushon, on a summer's night. . . .

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR FATHER, Cambridge, April 10, 1842.

. . THESE few days past have been very beautiful, and I wish I could have been at home to take mother out to ride. But no doubt she has enjoyed them; and you must have been benefited by them also. I think about Naushon as the time before vacation slips gradually away; and green trees, and birds, and ponds spring up from under sines and co-sines, and appear between the leaves of Greek dictionaries, and all such places where they ought not to be.

This afternoon, had another sail on Fresh Pond with G. S. E. and Mr. D. Enjoyed it very much. Tell mother we have to walk two miles to get there; so that she can see that I take some exercise. . . . .

I went into Mr. E.'s room yesterday. Mr. D. told him I was your son. "Tell the Governor I am glad he is getting well," was the first thing he said to me. Every one I meet, father, inquires about you, and expresses real joy at your recovery. You don't know how many good friends you have, and how much interest your sickness has excited, even among those who had hardly seen you. And now, my dear father, I must bid you good-by, with best love to mother and all.

Your most affectionate son, . . .

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FATHER, May 31, 1842.

. . . You did not say a word about yourself in your last letter, and therefore I am as ignorant as ever concerning that which I wished most to hear about. Mother moves on the island to-morrow; you follow in a week. So you must be able to ride out now, I suppose, and greatly

hope. How much you will enjoy it! and how I wish I were to be with you, to drive you about all the pleasant rides, with our old dobbin and gig, and enjoy it all through your pleasure and mine. What a delightful spring this is! Everything has sprung into life so quickly. We have the freshness of spring and the maturity of summer at the same time. I never enjoyed riding so much before, and had no idea of the beauty of the country around Boston. It is a perfect paradise to ride through — beautiful country seats, delightful situations; some, like Mrs. F.'s, with an extensive prospect, and some almost buried in the trees, of which there seems to be a perfect exuberance. I am having lots of pleasure here now, and yet am looking forward to vacation with the greatest anticipations. I want to be with you, father, very much indeed. Sickness makes us feel how very dear we are to each other; and that we must enjoy our friends while we may, the little time we spend together here. It seems to me, at times, that every day I spend away from you is so much lost; and when you were so sick, every moment we had passed together came back to me of tenfold value, and the thought that, it might be, they would come no more! Thank God,

you knew not what it was, and that it is not so! And when the delirium began to leave you, and almost your first words to me were, "Kiss me, Bob," O, father, you could n't tell how I felt. You say, the experience of your sickness is valuable to you. I am sure it is no less so to me, even if it were only to see how many friends you had, ready and willing to do everything for you.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, Cambridge, June 13, 1843.

YOUR letter has added fuel to my already too great eagerness to visit Naushon once more. If I can only once get there, college life, college studies, and college pleasures, may go to the realms above or the shades below, for all I would do to rescue them. I am almost afraid Naushon will have a bad effect on me. It is so unusually, so supremely delightful, that I cannot even imagine any spot upon this earth that would be preferable to it. What shall I do when I get out of college? Naushon! Naushon!! Naushon!!! will be calling me all the summer; and if I can do as I please, how shall I resist it? It is a delightful place to rusticate

in, but very little fitted to encourage improvement, or for studying a profession, or preparation for any of the serious concerns of life. Hearing the lambs and the birds, and watching the vessels, and enjoying the beauty of our little harbor and the surrounding landscape, which I can call up before me full as distinctly as you yourself can see it, with every hill and bend of shore and *rock*, that I knew too well sometimes. A most delightful life it is, but I fear not very well fitted for one who would engage in any active employment. How I could leave it all, to go through the dry routine of a profession, I do not know. But I shall leave all such sober reflections for some time yet, and content myself with fleecing Naushon out of as much pleasure as can possibly be obtained in the contracted space of six weeks. And O, how I do long for the time to come. But there is much to be done in these vicinities before vacation. Lots of reviewing; dreadful Latin; awful Greek; and horrible mathematics to be reviewed and examined in; which, with the chance of studying in vacation, if you don't get off well, makes a pleasant little excitement. But I must bid you a good night, my dear mother; remaining ever your affectionate son.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Saturday, Aug. 27, 1842. Returned to Cambridge at the close of a most delightful vacation, passed almost entirely at Naushon; in the course of which I had a visit from W. P. of a week; G. S. E. and H. D., who returned to college with me; and various other uncollegiate friends and acquaintances. And now I am a glorious soph. . . . The year of freshmanship and the era of greenness is past, and now, in reality, my college life begins.

Sept. 5th. Father came out in the afternoon from New Bedford and Naushon. I was delighted to see him once more. Had quite a long talk about affairs, and the possibility of my having to leave college and take a voyage this winter, which, in my present state, I consider quite a probability or possibility rather, as my lungs are not well or strong, by any means. We decided that I should try more exercise, boxing, gymnasium, &c., and if that has no effect, decide farther what to do.

Tuesday, 15th Sept. Our first theme comes on Monday next, and much trouble has it cost me. To-night I spent some time on it, till I was so tired, I gave it up and went to bed.

The subject is, what may be considered strictly honorable methods of seeking political office.

Wednesday, 5th Oct. We hear that Dr. Channing is dead. I was much astonished, as I had not heard he was ill. He was a good man, and I should like to have his chance of going to Heaven when I die, which may be sooner than is expected by my anxious friends.

TO HIS FATHER.

DEAR FATHER, Cambridge, Sept 2d, 1842.

. . . I AM now quite settled at Mr. Tucker's, almost opposite the post-office, — a very convenient situation, and a very pleasant room. I think I shall like it. There are three other students in the house — a junior and two freshmen. I am anticipating a delightful year, and am much better situated for college fun than I was last, and equally well, I hope, for study. I don't allow myself to think of Naushon yet. I have had so pleasant a vacation, it would hardly be safe. Cambridge would not profit by the comparison, and I fear my state of contentment would not be improved. My best love to mother; and when she draws her little table and desk up to the window of her little room, and

the visiters are all out riding, and the children and mosquitoes are quiet, and she can look out upon the Sound and see the vessels sailing by and the old herons fishing on the shore, just a little more vividly than I see them now; and while the afternoon air softens and stills the whole; if, I say, there should be pen and ink and paper on that table, could she not materialize some of those thoughts which seem to invest the little room, the window and table, and one end of the little couch with a sort of halo? And could not the materialized ethereal find its way down to the seat of the muses? I 'll engage it shall be wasted on no miserable freshman, but shall be duly appreciated, if possible.

CHAPTER VI.

ROBERT'S WINTER AT ST. MICHAELS AND LAST SUMMER AT NAUSHON.

Age 20.

Soon after the commencement of his second year at college, Robert's lungs, which had always been delicate, gave indications of increasing disease, and, as the winter came on, it was thought best that he should go to the Western Islands with his father, whose health also required a milder climate. They were accompanied by their friend, Henry W. Torrey, and sailed from New Bedford for St. Michaels the 16th of December. They carried with them resources for a delightful voyage. The master of the ship, Daniel McKenzie, an experienced whaling captain, was a man full of life, personal anecdotes, and kind and generous feelings. But the passengers were more or less seasick, the weather was contrary and unpleasant, and, with all their resources, they found themselves glad to see the shore.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

On Friday, Dec. 16th, 1842, we left New Bedford in the ship Caroline, Capt. McKenzie, for the Azores, our party consisting of Mr. Torrey, father and myself.

. . . Saturday, 24th. A week out, and stormy weather we have had — our north wind increasing to a heavy gale; and away we went before it, under close-reefed topsails and reefed mainsail, the ship rolling and pitching into the heavy sea, and all the sublimity of a gale of wind at sea. It is indescribable and grand, but it did not equal my anticipations. There was such a feeling of entire safety with me, that I could not realize the terrific grandeur so much talked about. If we could have an approach to a shipwreck, or carrying away a mast, or a sail at least, I could enjoy it, I think. But this being as safe as you are in a house at home is too tame — wants excitement. The appearance of the water is, however, very remarkable. It is black — no common black, but a deep, dark color, and the foam is scattered in blotches all over its surface, and where it appears on the crest of a wave, the wind takes it

off, and rolls it away in round drops, just like snow, drifting. . . .

Sunday, 1st of January. The last few days have been monotonous, as usual, but to-day we begin anew in everything. A fine, clear New-Year's day it is; the very first one we have had yet. The captain had the boat lowered, and gave Mr. Torrey and myself a row. The ship looked most queen-like; riding so calmly over the waves, every motion so buoyant and graceful that we could scarcely be tired of admiring her. We caught a Portuguese man-of-war, which occasioned much curiosity among the green hands.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Atlantic Ocean, lon. 36, lat. 40.

I CAN easily imagine the pleasure with which you will open our little package of letters, and will try to do my part in entertaining you. Here we are sixteen days out, and expecting to make Corvo to-morrow afternoon, if the wind continues, and a most stormy, tempestuous passage we have had; as unlike a voyage to Santa Cruz as possible. The ship has been rolling and tumbling about, without one moment's rest;

and as for gales, which we were so anxious to see, there has been one continued gale ever since we left. . . .

Saturday, 31st. This is a rainy day. The wind is light, and we go but slowly on our way. However we shall "make" Corvo to-morrow morning the captain says. Our captain is a man of a thousand. He has an inexhaustible store of yarns and fun, and we have enjoyed ourselves as much as possible in so stormy a passage. We often think of "what they are doing at home now," and after making the due allowance for difference of time, for we are two hours and a half a head of you, we put you about just as we please. . . . .

The way the ship has rolled, while I have been writing this letter, has been very destructive to elegance in penmanship, as well as composure and composition; but all that I know you will excuse.

Monday, 2d of January, and we are still on board the ship, and out sight of land. The wind is a head, not very strong, however, and the air is delightful. Thermometer 62° on deck. Our time begins to hang rather heavily on our hands, because we have a head wind, and so near the Islands; looking out for land

every day, and still disappointed by head winds.

Wednesday, 4th. Off Fayal. To-day we saw land for the first time, and to-morrow we shall land, leave our letters, and start again for St. Michaels. We have had a beautiful sight, sailing towards and past the Islands. They are enveloped in clouds, which reach to the water's edge, and often hide them entirely. Pico is completely shrouded, and we have not seen its peak yet. . . .

I will now bid you farewell, mother, and may you be as happy in your solitude at home as we are, and write as long letters as you receive from us.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

On Wednesday, 4th of January, we commenced beating up to Fayal. At two it was plainly visible, on the weather bow, and soon after old Pico appeared. They were both shrouded in clouds and mist, and often entirely obscured. After dinner we came on deck, and found Fayal out very plain. We could see the churches and little hamlets appearing like little dots on the sides of the mountains. The clouds hung down

to the water's edge, and often obscured one end of the island, while the other would be plainly defined against the sky. The former were continually changing, and over the tops of the mountains they were piled in heavy masses, beautifully illuminated by the sun. A wide belt of rainbow tints appeared to move slowly over the hills, and to accompany us. Pico was covered with clouds; they seemed to hug round him as though his peak was not to be seen by vulgar eyes.

Thursday, 5th Jan. This morning we were up at daylight, and out in the quarter-boat to see the islands. Strong winds through the night had driven us some distance off shore, and now we were obliged to beat up again. Our first tack gave us a fine view of Fayal, with a curious perpendicular rock in the foreground. At three we opened the town of Fayal by a huge bluff or rock. . . . The most beautiful view I ever saw, would appear intolerably tame in comparison with what was here before us. On one side lay Fayal, a range of mountains in itself, with a huge castellated promontory jutting out towards us as a foreground, and misty mountains in the distance. The town appeared to consist of a scattered range of white houses,

among which the Governor's and Mr. Dabney's are most conspicuous. It looked very pretty — appears best in the distance, they say. The country appeared to be extensively cultivated. But Pico! — on the opposite side was Pico — and it was the grandest and most beautiful sight I ever saw or imagined. Description is inadequate to convey any idea of it; and sketching I found equally tame. There it towered into the sky, showing its vastness, and, at the same time, perfectly graceful in its outline; and so softened and mellowed in the afternoon light, that a pencil could not picture it. It stood a perfect idea of the sublime and the beautiful together. The clouds rolled down its sides, and circled in a band about two thirds up, while the exquisitely penciled peak appeared against the blue sky. The clouds were continually changing, and each change of apparel seemed still more becoming to his majesty. It is seldom that Pico shows his peak, and our captain told us that we were very fortunate in our view, for we might wait weeks and not get such another. We could never have a better. On its side were perfect little mountains, rising to a point, cultivated to the top, and appearing scarcely larger than ant-hills. Houses were scattered

along its base, little white dots they were, scarcely perceptible when not in strong light. Even the sea was willing to add its share to so beautiful a scene, and up came the greatest quantity of porpoises, leaping and sporting on the water, till it seemed alive with them. A fleet of Portuguese men-of-war also appeared, as if conscious of their right to a Portuguese harbor. . . . .

Tuesday, 11th. We rose this morning with St. Michaels close on the weather-beam, and before eleven we had drunk our parting glass of champaign to the success of the good ship Caroline and her excellent captain, had bidden Mr. Barlow and our other friends an affectionate farewell, and entered a whale-boat for shore, (at Ponta del Gada.)

Friday, 14th. We expected to start early in the morning for Villa Franca, and were thus early instructed in Portuguese dilatoriness. At two o'clock ourselves and baggage were placed in a boat, Portuguese in all its appurtenances, and with Mr. Hickling, who kindly volunteered to attend and establish us, we hoisted our clumsy sail for Villa Franca. Our oars were the branches of trees, with blades and handles fastened on; they were enormously long and heavy, and by

no means straight, and played on a thole pin, passing through a hole in the oar. The mast was also a tolerably straight stick in its primitive state, and the sail was a semi-lateen with a yard across its top. Yet our boat sailed fast in spite of all these, to us, barbarous contrivances, and it was surprising how swiftly we glided along. Our crew were by far the most amusing specimens of Portuguese humanity we had yet seen. There was not an instant of silence while we were in the boat; one continued stream of talking and jabbering was kept up; and when we passed another boat, their exertions were truly appalling. I should not have been surprised to have seen them all jump into the water to have a few minutes more conversation; and as it was, they bawled till the other boat was not only entirely out of sound, but out of sight also. The sail past the island was the most beautiful I ever beheld. Description is impossible. The scenery was bold and magnificent, wholly unlike anything I have ever seen before. It was impossible to select at random any part which would not make a striking picture. We shot in by jagged volcanic rocks, and then passed out into the open sea again, and opened the town, a low,

scattered range of buildings, by no means so conspicuous as Ponta del Gada. We approached a beach; our sails were lowered, oars hauled in and boat poled in till she grounded and we were shouldered on shore by our crew, baggage and all. . . . .

The secret of Portuguese strength was shown us immediately on landing. Our baggage was shouldered by a troop of boys, some not more than four years old, and all eager to take something, and in five minutes we were stringing through the town towards Mr. Hickling's house, which he placed at our disposal if it were large enough. . . . .

In the evening Mr. Torrey and myself took a stroll through the town by moonlight, and a more deserted melancholy place I never saw; not a soul was to be seen. The old churches and convents seemed dejected at the loss of their former dignity and consequence; and if a war had depopulated the town ten years since, and it had not been entered since that time, it could not appear more lonely. The streets are narrow, paved with rough stone, and form a promenade for numerous hogs, which renders the walking somewhat intricate, particularly as there are no sidewalks. The custom of pro-

tecting the gardens with high walls, spoils the beauty of the town. There are no public trees, and all the private ones are hidden by these walls; and unless you go into the country, you see little vegetation.

By the 15th of January, the travellers had got comfortably established in their own hired rooms at Villa Franca. The scenery around them was magnificent, and furnished them with an unfailing source of enjoyment. Robert had learned to draw when quite a child, with little instruction, except from his mother, taking sketches from nature, till he was able to draw with much ease and correctness. And although he was never satisfied with his skill, it was of great service to him, giving him a quick and exact eye for natural objects, and enabling him to carry home and preserve that which might call up to his mind, with perfect distinctness, whatever he had seen with most interest abroad. At home it was a pleasure to him to look over these drawings, and thus call back and live over again the little incidents connected with them. On a winter's day, when confined to the house by a New England snow storm, he would thus

fill his room with the fruits and flowers, the soft breezes and sunny skies of Santa Cruz, and through the softening lights of memory, enjoy perhaps even more than if actually among them. And it was a yet richer source of pleasure, when abroad or at school, to look over sketches he had taken of scenes at Naushon, which beautiful in themselves, were made doubly dear to him by the tender and delightful associations connected with home, with childhood, with life's early affections, hopes and dreams. At St. Michaels, as in his former journeys, drawing was a great resource, although he found himself more than ever baffled and confounded by the vastness of the objects around him.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Sunday, Jan. 19th. This morning we arose early, and having eaten our breakfast of bread, cheese and eggs, prepared for a journey to the celebrated Valley of the Furnas. Five jacks were brought to the door; one for the baggage and four for the gentlemen passengers. They were armed with large, rough saddles, consisting of partially stuffed wooden frames to fit the

jack, and a frame before and behind, formed of two cross sticks to hold on by. On this affair the victim sits, with his legs hanging down on one side, while a driver runs by his side, and has the whole direction of the animal. We then mounted, and set off in grand style; the drivers, with their particular hats, ran by our sides, calling to the jacks, in their established lingo. When a short distance from town a drizzling rain commenced. Coats and cloaks were in great demand, and just as we were arranged to our satisfaction, the rain ceased, the clouds rolled off, the sun came out bright, and the remainder of our ride was the wildest and most picturesque I ever saw. The road wound round mountains and through ravines, where the scenery was magnificent. The ocean was always a back-ground on one side, and, as we ascended, we saw more and more of it, till it really seemed to reach the clouds. In some places, the brake or fern was so abundant and luxuriant as to clothe the side of a mountain with a coat of mail; the branches overlapping each other like tiles. Our road was often so steep, that once up, it seemed impossible to descend again; and nothing but a jack would ever attempt the ascent. How father would succeed

was a mystery to us, and a fearful one to him. He was entirely at the mercy of his jack and driver, and all his English ejaculations were lost upon both. Could he have had his own way, he would probably have returned long before we reached the middle of our journey. But after passing several "impossibilities," he gathered confidence, and soon the return was attended with as many difficulties as the advance. At length, upon turning a corner on the summit of a mountain, the valley of the Furnas opened before us — a beautiful, fertile plain, checkered off into fields, with a village dotted with white houses, a church, and little clouds of vapor, shooting out of the ground in various places, and around all was a chain of volcanic mountains, shutting in the little valley from the world — of St. Michaels. It appeared a perfect paradise. The descent now became very steep. . . . However, we reached Mr. Hickling's house in safety, and proceeded to visit the baths. A description of one of nature's most wonderful works must be unavailing. I shall, therefore, only partially attempt it. The great Caldeira is a cavity on the summit, though not the highest summit, of a hill. It is about two yards in diameter, with low, rough sides,

over which the boiling water runs on the lower side. The water boils and foams with great force, and emits clouds of sulphureous vapor continually. The impression of immense power at work below, strikes you at once. And I never came near these Caldeiras, or even entered a bath, without *feeling* myself nearer the infernal regions than I ever thought myself before. A few steps around the hill is a cavernous hole in its side, from which hot mud is thrown spasmodically and incessantly; a black-looking place it is, and properly called "The Mouth of Hell." A jumping, steam engine noise is continually heard, and at every throb the cavern reverberates, and the mud flies out in sprayey drops. There are many smaller Caldeiras where the water boils as fiercely as in this, but from their small size they do not appear so powerful. Small columns of vapor are seen rising up on every side, and the whole earth seems impregnated with boiling water, steam and sulphur. The baths are most luxurious. A continual stream of water flows through the stone receptacle, which holds sufficient to float father himself. The temperature is regulated by streams of hot and cold water from the different Caldeiras; and the soapy softness of the water is

indescribable. You arise from a *warm* bath invigorated and refreshed, and you can lie an hour without weariness and with no injurious effect.

Monday, 17th. After visiting the baths we went on an expedition to a lake in the mountains, called the Lake of the Furnas. The scenery we passed through was wild and beautiful. We ascended to a great elevation, now catching glimpses of the lovely valley behind us, and now passing through ravines which shut out all but their own grandeur. Our legs were literally dangling over precipices, where a false step would have precipitated us, jack and all, into the unexplored regions of futurity. On ascending a summit of unusual steepness, the lake appeared embosomed in mountains, with picturesque points jutting into it, and, in the whole effect, a most beautiful piece of water. Our old friends, the herons, were feeding quietly before us on its shores; and I almost imagined that I recognized an old acquaintance who had often eluded my aim at Naushon. Upon the very borders of the lake were Caldeiras of boiling water, emitting their columns of vapor, and working as violently as at the Furnas. We descended to the lake, followed its shores a

short distance, and commenced another elevation which grew steeper, steeper, steeper still as we ascended. We were so near our place of destination that father proceeded on foot, while Mr. Torrey, Mr. Hickling and myself, branched off to see a cascade, which leaped down through a ravine, falling perpendicularly from a high cliff, and appearing like a silver thread among the mountains. We also visited a cavern formed from the solid rock with great regularity; at the extreme end a fountain of the clearest water gushed from the rock, and flowed into the cascade. The whole ravine was of the wildest description and in the rainy season forms the bed of a torrent, which must be a magnificent sight. The particular object of our expedition was to visit an uncompleted house on the border of the lake, which stands a monument of English extravagance. A Mr. Harvey, admiring the place, which is certainly very picturesque, commenced a large stone house, and, having expended five thousand dollars, returned to England, married, and concluded to spend his winters elsewhere. On our return we passed along the summits of mountains overlooking the Furnas Valley, and, after a glorious ride, in spite of rain and other inconveniences, reached home in safety.

Saturday, Jan. 28. We were informed to-night that Tomasia gave a ball at her cottage, on account of the preservation of her husband from the dangers of the sea, and we were invited to attend. This husband of her's is well described by the Messrs. Bullard as a hairy, fierce-looking Portuguese, half drunk at all times; and certainly we have seen no reason to contradict their description. He was blown off the coast in his boat some time since, and Tomasia offered up prayers and entreaties for his safe return, like a dutiful wife and good Catholic, instead of a sensible woman, who would have prayed as anxiously for his continued absence. And now this safe return was celebrated by him with renewed attention to his bottle, and by Tomasia with the ball.

At seven o'clock we were escorted by Jose and Tomasia to her house. We entered a room where men and women, girls, boys, babies, and dogs were grouped together promiscuously; and, passing up a narrow flight of stairs, entered the upper apartment, where three chairs showed that we were expected guests, as there were no others in the room. Here was the elect of the company, and seated in the midst — a picture of semi-drunken dignity — was Antonio Bicho him-

self. Tomasia, a sham shirt and collar, and his best clothes, had done their most to render him agreeable, but nature was too much for them. On a table opposite stood the offering to the Holy Ghost, a pile of ribbons and flowers, very much resembling the ornaments of the church altars, &c., and which was intended to represent their gratitude for Antonio's preservation. After a short time spent in pronouncing *muito bons* upon this specimen of Tomasia's taste, we were ushered down stairs again, followed by our three chairs and all the eclat. The dancing then commenced. The room was very small, and thirty or forty promiscuous people filled it well. The women sat on the floor in a semi-circle around the dancers; some of them engaged in family matters with their babies, and all perfectly free and unrestrained. The dancing was graceful, though very much circumscribed in limits. It consisted in threading past one another, with but little regard for partners, or apparently for figures. The musician joined in the dance, bearing his guitar in one hand, and guiding it over the heads of the belles with much skill and grace. All joined in the music by snapping their thumbs like castanets, and one always sang, sometimes the musician, some-

times a fat lively damsel, who was a belle of the night. We soon observed one of the girls, who was decidedly the handsomest we have yet seen. That is saying but little, however. She would be called beautiful anywhere. Her features were so Grecian and delicate that we did not believe her a Portuguese; and I have not regretted my ignorance of the language so much at any time, as when being unable to say a word to the pretty Portuguese dancer. The dresses of the young ladies were sadly wanting in grace, and in those feminine articles called bustles. A shawl and a string of beads were the only ornaments, even of our *rapparega boneta*; but nature had more than made up the deficiency with her. The beaux were grown-up men, in shirts and trousers, some of them shoeless and stocking-ignorant. One was a tall, good-natured, sailor-mannered man, who danced with ease and grace, befitting a large theatre. He was exceedingly dexterous in avoiding collisions, and glided through the most twisting evolutions with safety to all concerned. When the dance ceased, the girls sat down on the floor in front of us. The men lit their cigars, such as had them, and scattered about. We soon saw a stir among our seated dancers, and

the "*picanini*" fat songster jumped up over and past the others, and singling out Mr. T., jammed a bouquet of flowers into his bosom, with great vivacity and an undistinguishable flow of Portuguese. He returned his thanks; she retreated, and, gaining her old position, prepared a new sortie upon father, and succeeded in effecting a lodgment in his vest, which he — having acquired the requisite Portuguese in the mean time — returned with many *mueto obregardoes*. I came next in turn, but fortunately received mine from the more delicate hands of a younger belle, who placed it gracefully in my vest. The dancing then commenced again, and a new specimen now attracted our attention. A sleek-haired youth, dressed in a straight-hanging striped coat, shoes, straps, vest and cravat. He was evidently a Portuguese tailor's sign-post, and he knew his value in the company. His hair was cut *a la mode* in the latest fashion *de cidata*, as I knew to my cost; and he entered the dance, guitar in hand, with great importance. However he played very well, and excited much amusement by his songs. We now sent Jose for a flask of wine, as a return for the flowers presented to us; and while he was gone, the noise at the door becom-

ing rather importunate, a woman went to bar it and refuse further admission into our already overstocked room; when suddenly the upper half of the door was burst in, and the woman thrown against the wall. Antonio had been sitting in meditative dignity upon the stairs until now; and before we knew that anything unusual had occurred, he was in the middle of the room, making for the door, his features literally working with rage. The women gathered around him, and by degrees he was sufficiently calm to content himself with carrying two huge stones up stairs, to throw from the window, if the attack should be repeated. Our good-natured sailor and several others followed him, and the stones were soon heard to fall harmlessly on the ground. A moment after, and one of them was banged violently against the door. Antonio and the whole posse came rushing down instanter, he in a paroxysm of fury. His dark face, darker still, his worst expression worse than ever, and himself outdone in rage. Clubs and sticks were in requisition; the dance was stopped. The women, girls, men, boys, babies, dogs, and sticks, all in a high state of excitement, contributed each his share to the general confusion. Even our sailor friend

put on his coat, and with some appearance of anger followed Antonio to the door; whether to assist or restrain him, we could not determine.

The confusion was now indescribable, and Portuguese strictly, all talking and none listening, all acting and nothing done. I noticed our pretty belle, standing one side with an expression of some anxiety, and shortly after she departed in one of the never-failing blue capots and hoods. The row gradually subsided; Antonio recovered his senses; the dancing commenced again, but the charm was gone; the blue capot did not return. Jose, who had returned without the wine, saying the time was not good for it, went again and brought it to the door, where Tomasia received it under her apron, and passed it up stairs. At the close of the dance, we bowed our *bonos nuits*, and took our departure.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Villa Franca, Feb. 4, 1843.

You have now heard from us several times, without doubt, and, being satisfied as to our safety, will be interested in the wonders we do see and tell. These I intend to leave, as father's

particular province, since he is busily engaged, estimating and journalizing the size, cost, and capabilities of all the island peculiarities, from the Peak of Pico to the pigs in the street; which last indeed form no small part of the city population. I know, my dear mother, that you are sufficiently interested in your darling son to care to hear of his peculiar employments, and these, together with our household affairs, which I think myself particularly qualified to describe after an education at Cambridge, perfected afterwards by cousin Sally's example, I shall give my principal attention to. Before we arise from our night's repose, let me give you some idea of what that repose probably was. The only bedstead of the company is appropriated by father, and he boasts of having obtained it, by first choice, without any delay. Mr. Torrey and I have our mattresses on three chairs and a settee, which makes a very light and convenient affair, as the Pickwick cobbler said of his four-post bedstead. Although we are out of hearing of cousin Sally's impertinent bell, we rise at seven or half past, as early as we should at home under its influence, which fully proves that it is a useless vexation, I think. . . . We then repair to a heap of oranges always at hand in the

corner of our larder-room, and selecting six, with two bananas from the bunch, make an ante-breakfast; and, at that time, I always think of my dear friends at home, and wish they were here to assist me. Latin, with Mr. Torrey, uses up the hour before breakfast, and Lyell, with interruptions, the hour after. The business of the day then commences. If an expedition is to be made, our jack-man, Arania, brings to the door three asses, armed with large saddles, with cross sticks in front and behind, between which we seat ourselves, on our pillows for cushions, with our legs dangling down on one side. It is an easy way of riding. The asses seldom go out of a walk, and you would admire it, I know. Not so, father — though he is growing acclimated by constant use, and no other alternative. . . . . The scenery is wild and beautiful beyond anything I have ever seen; and the roads are what you would consider it impossible for any beast to pass. Our feet are often literally hanging over precipices many feet deep, where a false step would be fatal, and the jacks always choose the edge of the cliff with a sort of pertinacity anything but agreeable. I have often seen all clear for a jump, almost expecting to see my jack go tum-

bling over. This was at first, however. We have now reached such a pitch of confidence, that no considerations of the difficulties of the road deter us. Where jack has been, there jack can go, is our motto. When we do not ride, I often go off drawing; the materials of which are inexhaustible. I shall bring home sketches enough, such as they are; that is, merely rough sketches, to give some idea of the country, but containing little excellence in themselves. The attention I attract on such occasions is wonderful even for a people so lazy as these Portuguese. The men let their jacks stop and graze, while they look on in wonder. The boys and girls collect around me, often forming a semicircle, entirely shutting out the landscape. The women bring their babies from the cradle to see the grand show, while the pigs, dogs and hens join in the wonderment at a respectful distance. I have counted twenty individual souls, engaged by the half hour at a time in staring at me. And at one time I was so celebrated that a troop of boys would follow me whenever I went out with my drawing-book. Like many other great persons, I have lost my consequence by familiarity, which loss I by no means regret, as it was attended by an inconvenient train of admirers.

Our dinner hour is three, and we live simply enough to satisfy even you, mother. Fish is our staple, which, together with potatoes, bread and butter, forms our usual repast. Father talks about sending to Ponta for provisions now and then, but having declared that he can live as simply as we choose, he does not like to do so, on his own responsibility. The evenings are spent in writing, reading, chess, and the never-failing all-fours, at which Mr. T. takes my place, very much to my satisfaction.

Our time passes quickly and pleasantly here. The natural curiosities of the place are unlimited, and, unlike Santa Cruz, there is variety enough to keep us fully employed. Father is receiving daily benefit from the baths, and Mr. T. and I from the oranges. And so, my dear mother, we are passing our bachelor winter. Give my best love to all friends. Of course you will write by all opportunities, and you may be sure we are expecting letters with great eagerness. Your affectionate son,

ROBERT.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Sunday, Feb. 5th, 1843. This last week has passed quickly, and brought its routine of em-

ployments and share of variety and pleasure. We have made three remarkable expeditions this week, one to the Lake of Crongo in the mountains, one to our Lady of Peace, a little chapel perched on a hill back of the town; and one to the island of Villa Franca. The island is a very singular one—a crater in the sea. It consists of a huge, dark, back of cliffs or hills, enclosing a basin, which was evidently once a crater. There is a narrow entrance to it, through which you pass from the heaving ocean at once into what appears like a mountain lake, with no more motion to its waters than the ripple of the breeze. We climbed the ridge enclosing it without difficulty, and had a fine view of the sea, and of the Villa Franca, and the whole range of island mountains behind it. On our way we disturbed flocks of wild pigeons, which darted out from the recesses of the cliffs, and flew off to still more secluded retreats. I attempted to sketch the basin, but found that all was on too grand a scale for paper to contain. On the south side of this island is a needle, separated from it, and rising with great regularity three hundred feet. It is the most remarkable natural curiosity of the kind in the world. Its sides are perpen-

dicular, and regular even in their irregularity, and the proportions are excellent, so much so that one cannot comprehend its size at all. The pigeons dart out from its sides, and circle around its top in flocks, and the sea beats and dashes against its base, sending clouds of foam high up, but nothing in comparison to its towering height. These are the only vestiges of life or motion near it. A cliff as rugged as itself shuts out all view on one side, and on the other, nothing breaks the uniformity of the ocean. There it stands, a needle in Ocean's pincushion.

The Lake of Crongo is quite a ride from here, up in the mountains. After ascending to a great elevation, we proceeded on a level for some distance, and then came unexpectedy upon a crater, with this lake at the bottom. Its peculiarity, apart from the singular volcanic appearance, was its extreme regularity. The lip of the crater preserved a perfect level on all sides but one, and formed an entire circle; and the precipitous sides were regular also, and perfectly tunnel-shaped. The lake at the bottom was circular, and such a one as would be formed by filling a tunnel half up with water. One seagull wheeled over head, and it was only by following him with your eye, and measuring

his distance, that you could form an idea of the vastness of the crater. A zigzag path led to the shore of the lake, and the echo both at top and bottom was grand. It seemed to follow and ring around the sides as when you run your finger over the rim of a tumbler. Even the scream of the gull echoed from side to side, and startled you with its distinctness. The sides of the crater were covered with rich foliage, composed mostly of the mountain heath, which grows here in such abundance.

Sunday, 12th Feb. Walked out after dinner, and passed by a convent belonging to Senor Simplici, the great man of Villa Franca. This convent is on the highest land, immediately adjoining the town. It commands a fine view of the ocean, and was formerly occupied by friars. The main building incloses a court, with a fountain in its centre, which jets out as pretty a stream of water as in the days of its prosperity. Verandas look out upon the court on all four sides, and the monks' cells open into these passages. Everything is exceedingly solid, and very little injured by time. While passing today we heard a chant in the chapel adjoining, and entering a side door, which was open, we found mass performing, and stopped to see.

The ornaments of the chapel were in better taste than any we have yet seen. Women, clad in their singular cloaks and hoods, were squatting in the middle of the church, some in large groups, some scattered along two or three together. They seemed very little occupied with religious thoughts, and gave their attention to us undividedly. Their way of perking up one corner of their hoods, and peeping out, was peculiar. The men grouped together in the rear, outside a railing, which inclosed the middle for the women alone. There were no seats; the men stood, the women sat on the floor. As each one finished her supposed mental devotions she arose. An affectionate parting then took place, in which she pressed the hand of her sitting friends, and whispered passing blessings.

Saturday, 18th. Went with father to the convent of the nuns. The senior owner accompanied father over the whole building and grounds. I strayed about sketching, and passed the whole day there with much delight. This convent was built two hundred and sixty years ago, and has withstood the great earthquake, which is said to have destroyed the whole town. It contained fifty nuns, and over ninety servants in the days of its prosperity, and was dis-

banded by Don Pedro about ten years since, and the nuns scattered over the town on a pension of a hundred and fifty dollars a year each. The convent is now owned by a Portuguese gentleman, who is turning its grounds into orange gardens, and its walls into building materials. It is, therefore, greatly dilapidated. In fact, excepting the church, which he has left from religious scruples, probably, not a vestige of its former splendor remains. It must have been very extensive once, inclosing a square like the Friar's convent, but much larger, upon which the nuns' cells opened. A window was allowed for each cell, from which there was a fine view of the mountains on one side and gardens on the other. Now neither roofs nor floors remain. Grape-vines have been planted wherever a square foot of ground is unoccupied by buildings, and over the ruins themselves; and under these you have to walk. In a distant corner of this extensive grapery, I found a little chapel with a bell propped up by its side, which was uninjured, and just as it had been left by the nuns; our senior considering it sacrilegious to remove any of the religious appurtenances. Thus he has left the church to decay and fall to pieces in its own good time, and all the

statues and representations of the virgin and saints are unmoved, and even treated with some respect, as we noticed he took off his hat on entering a room where our Saviour and St. Michael were presiding over the desolation. This little chapel still retains its ornaments and images, though much defaced by neglect. St. Michael has lost his head, and St. Peter an arm, and their respective habitations are faded and broken. The world has evidently gone hard with them since the days of the gentle sisterhood. Their prosperity had departed, and a violent yet lingering death was all that remained for them now. Several Latin books were scattered around, and music was lying open on the principal altar. I wanted to abstract a book or two, and many other things in fact, but contented myself with a little image of the virgin, which I took out of pity, and one or two small articles, which were thrown away in a rubbish corner, or lying on the floor. Of course, it was wrong to take anything, and I had many misgivings, but pity prevailed, and our mother was deposited in my pocket.

Monday, 20th. Strong wind and squally. Went off with Mr. Torrey on a shore cruise to see the waves. The beach magnificent. Enor-

mous waves rolled in, breaking with a sharp crash like thunder, and sending a mass of foam prancing along till it shot far up on the beach. The sea had the most wintry aspect possible, and reminded us strikingly of a drifting snow-storm. Its surface was covered with snowy foam, and as far out as we could see, the spray from the tops of the waves was blown off in clouds, and drifted along the surface far away to leeward. We climbed along the coast, taking shelter under the rugged volcanic rocks, in the showers, (of which there were four during our scramble) and had a fine view of the sea, on a rock-bound coast, as this undoubtedly is. One great mass of rock projected out, over which the sea broke with great magnificence, covering it completely, and leaving torrents of foam running down its sides, which always remained till replenished by a new wave. Nothing can surpass these sea-views. The rocks are very wild and jagged, so sharp as almost to cut your hands when you grasp them. Caverns are worn in them, and deep ravines through which the sea rushes frightfully. Their color is almost black, which, contrasting with the foam, very much heightens the effect. The beaches are formed of the same rocks, crumbled and worn

into sand, and are consequently dark, which struck us as peculiar at first, though now one of our beaches would appear as strange. We saw the sea break on the island, and send a cloud of foam up to a ledge on the needle more than two-thirds its height — certainly two hundred feet high.

Afternoon, went to a cliff opposite the island. The island is half a mile distant, and the great waves that rolled in, reached entirely across in an unbroken line, one end of them breaking on the island, and the other on our cliff. Sometimes the space between us was a perfect sea of foam.

Tuesday, 21st. My birthday. Had a ride with father. Turned up a ravine road, crossed a mountain-stream, and stopped at a quinta (garden) — cut boxwood canes *ad libitum*, as no one appeared to prevent. Father had great scruples, or talked about them, but cut whenever he found a stick to suit him. At the end of the garden, came to a glorious mountain cascade, which fell sixty feet perpendicularly. It shot out from a cliff of rock, through which it had eaten a passage, and came down a perfect mass of foam, striking the rocks below with great force, and dashing the spray in all direc-

tions. The sun shining on the outer circle of spray, caused rainbow tints to flash out, which seemed to be struck from the rocks, by the falling water, like sparks from flint. The high cliffs half encircled the whole, and formed an amphitheatre which added to the selectness of the scene.

TO HIS MOTHER.

DEAR MOTHER, Villa Franca, Feb. 28th, 1843.

THESE, my dear mother, will be our last despatches home, probably. The time here is now quite short — only two weeks more at Villa Franca, and about three on the island; and I am very anxious to improve it as much as possible, and see all there is to be seen before we leave. But the weather seems obstinately bent upon opposing us. We have an expedition planned to the lake of fire, a crater lake among the mountains in the interior, from which there is a fine view of both sides of the island, and have been waiting four days for good weather. In nothing are we so much disappointed here as in the weather. In these "Islands of the blessed," where canary-birds sing, and flowers bloom in the open air all the year round, there

is a constant succession of cold, damp and rainy days, many of which we are unable to stir out of the house without being ducked, and unable to remain in it without perpetual shivering, as there are no fireplaces and our stove don't work, and no possibility of getting warm again if you are once cold. When this lake expedition is accomplished, I am determined to spend several days at the Valley of the Furnas, if I have to go alone. We are now thoroughly acquainted with Villa Franca and its vicinity. I have taken a number of sketches, few of which will come to you in anything like a finished state, but they may give some idea of the kind of scenery here, though of the scenery itself nothing can give an adequate description. There are several sketches of a convent, which I visited several times, and enjoyed more from the associations connected with it than any intrinsic beauty it contained. The mountain scenery is too grand for my artistical capacity, as is all the natural scenery here, in fact; but I have reduced and crammed and jammed it in, and in that state you shall have it, though I am half inclined to tear up every sketch I take, because it don't suit me. . . . .

Not a word have we heard from you yet; and

now it is almost time for us to leave, and of course lose all chance of hearing. There has been some mismanagement about it; for without doubt you have written, and the letters are on the island or on the way.

What do you think of our present plan for returning come? Shall not we be travelled gentlemen when we do return? It delights me greatly, and really seems more probable than any other. If the schooner sails for Lisbon at the time set, I don't think there is much doubt but that we shall go in her. From Lisbon we go to Gibraltar, and how far up the Mediterranean is not settled at present, and depends upon opportunities direct for home. It would amuse you to hear us, sitting quietly in our parlor, discuss the "pros and cons" of an expedition to England, or to Maderia, the West Indies, &c. or to Lisbon, and thence direct to some United States port; or further on to Gibraltar and Marseilles; or whether, when so far, we won't go up the Mediterranean, and as we shall never have such another opportunity, keep on to the Pyramids and Constantinople. Father has letters of credit, and money enough, and thinks it can't be better spent; and Mr. Torrey and I offer no objections to that part of the plan.

So, my dear mother, I will take this opportunity to bid you an affectionate farewell for a year or so. You have been so humane as to give us a long line, as in the case of the Naushon fish-hawk, and like him, we may take the apportunity to escape from such rigorous confinement as you impose upon us at home. However, your line holds strong enough now, and if you only pull persuasively, and are not too authoritative, I think it will draw us home again after all.

Father has written you such a long letter, that I don't care to describe any of our employments or expeditions, for fear of contradicting some of his stories. . . . . Now my dear mother, I must close. I hope you are enjoying your solitary winter at home, as well as we our roving one, and wish I could be with you, if only for a five minutes' talk. You may be sure, when we do get home, we shall be content to remain there. Travelling and sight-seeing will do for a few months, but they are no recompense for the enjoyments of a pleasant home and society of kind friends. Farewell.

Ever your affectionate son,

ROBERT.

FROM HIS JOURNAL.

Thursday, March 2d. Every prospect of a fair day at last, and preparations were made for an early breakfast, and for our long-contemplated expedition to Alagoa de Fogo, (Lake of Fire). That is to say, I was up at half past six, hurrying father, persuading Mr. Torrey, driving Jose and Tomasia, and exciting as great a commotion as possible, without which a Portuguese could never understand that time was valuable. At half past seven we were all ready except the jacks; at a quarter of eight we only waited for a light cloud to sail past, which alarmed father, and at eight we started. As we proceeded, the road grew very steep, and only wide enough for one jack. It was in fact a mere ravine used as a path to bring wood from the mountains. Father's jack was down on his knees and nose twice. Arania, by dint of imprecations and force, got him up again. At length we came out of the ravine, and wound along the side of the mountain. Our path was a mere shelf, as it were, suspended between the mountain above and below. As we proceeded, several beautiful cascades appeared, one above the other. The mountains

were clothed with a short thick heath, which adds to the softness in the distance, but takes away much of the wildness and the feeling of insecurity and danger. At the banks of a narrow stream our jacks stopped, and Arania said the road was impassable for them any further, which surprised us, as we thought nothing was impassable for a jack. The Alagoa was about a mile distant. Mr. Torrey and I immediately set off; found that an impassable jack-road was almost so for any one. Clambered along — passed a desolate plain covered with stunted heath, and suddenly the lake opened before us. The first view was beautiful, as it was unexpected. The lake was very large, and encircled by a band of wild mountains, whose precipitous sides formed a huge crater. And the first idea that struck me was, that from this the island was belched forth. We then separated, and each went opposite ways in search of a view of Ribera Grand, and the sea on the north side of the island. I clambered along a goat-path, down ravines and up the precipitous sides until, when almost exhausted, I reached a peak, from which both sides of the island were plain in sight. I was much surprised at its narrowness. The ridge, on which I stood, was the back-bone

of the island. On either side the mountains descended directly to the sea, whose broad surface extended as far as the eye could reach. The appearance was exactly as if the island had been thrown up from this crater, and rolled down on each side till it met the sea. Returned from my scramble, and met Mr. T. returning from his. He had been unsuccessful, and seen nothing. We were greatly surprised at seeing father's white hat appearing over the heath. With infinite labor he had scrambled up to the lake, and, seating himself on his cloak, he congratulated himself on his preservation thus far, and opening the basket of provisions, did his best towards future preservation. I took a sketch, and we commenced our return. Road still worse on the descent — steep, steeper, steepest! Aranha hung on to the tail of father's jack; took a turn with it round his hand; jack pulled him along; he slipped, and down he came on his back with his feet under the jack's heels, still holding hard by the tail while the jack dragged him along over the rocks and stones; he recovered himself without letting go, and then rolled out a string of oaths large enough to choke any but a Portuguese jack-driver. We reached home in safety.

Sunday, March 5th. The first Sunday in Lent, and a great day for processions. In the morning attended the funeral of a nun, from a neighboring house to the burial-ground. The thirteen town priests came in procession from the church to the house, chanting a sort of dead march. A dingy, yellow silk banner preceded them, and the bier, which was of frame-work and open, followed. At the house they stopped the bier, carried it in, and returned soon with the body; the priests commenced their chant, and the procession moved on. The nun was ninety-six years old, and, of course, could have but few relatives. Some well-dressed gentlemen, however, followed the yellow banner, as mourners, I suppose, or out of respect to the deceased. The priests came next, and, lastly, the bier, borne on the shoulders of four men, and followed by half the rabble in town. At the cemetery the priests stopped by a little chapel, and increased their chant, and the bier and rabble turned off to the grave. The corpse was then taken from the bier, and lowered into the grave. It was dressed in black and white, no shroud and no coffin. A bunch of gaudy, artificial flowers was placed in a gauze mitre which surmounted the head. The common

thick shoes and white stockings were on the feet, and the whole dress was such as might have been worn by the person when living. The sexton then jumped in and arranged the dress, took out the flowers, placed a piece of cloth over the face, and the earth was thrown down. The whole ceremony was performed with much carelessness, and no solemnity; and yet I liked laying the body in the earth, without sheet, or shroud, or coffin, much better than our custom. It was more natural. And what if the earth did fall upon the face, and close around the body? It is pleasanter to think of it so, than shrouded in our paraphernalia of the dead. During the whole procession, all but the friends were uncovered. There were no monuments, no gravestones, and scarcely any mounds in the cemetery, and the graves could hardly be distinguished. After the burial, the hats were put on, the priests and gentlemen sauntered off in groups, and the omnipresent boys attended every one.

Tuesday, March 7th. Started for the Valley of the Furnas, *solus*. The mountains were enveloped in mist, as they have been for several days, while the sun shone bright on the sea, south of the island, and the shore was alter-

nately misty and bright, as the sea or land weather prevailed. Aranha, as usual, soon lost his small stock of patience with his jack, and the ride was so long that he exhausted all his oaths, which was more remarkable. He then got into several disputes with the jack, as to which was the best of two sides of the road, and which was the middle of it; and, having no other conclusive argument left, made great use of his goad. This the jack resented, and between them both I expected to be sacrificed. The continuance of the conflict compelled me to be on the *qui vive* all the way, lest I should be dislodged by some of the manœuvres happening unexpectedly; and during this by-play, the road was more dangerous than any I have yet seen here. It ran along, or rather it was a ledge on the face of enormous cliffs, which form the south bulwark of the island. In places they were literally perpendicular from the road, which was not five feet wide, to the sea far below. I could have tossed my cap from one to the other, and as there was not even a slight fence to prevent, my jack could have tossed me as easily. Besides this, there were steep ascents and steep descents, and all the varieties of slipperiness and rockiness; and if any one wants

a worse road for a savage driver and a mad jack to try their experiments on, at his expense, he might go further and not find it.

The clear weather had driven the mist to the mountains, and the view from these cliffs was magnificent. After passing through Ribeira Quent, a mere string of fishing-huts skirting the shore, and half enclosed by steep mountains, we turned off by the river, and struck in towards the Furnas. As we ascended the mountains, we entered the mist, and presently everything was hidden from sight. The scenery, what I could see of it, seemed to resemble the Lagoa ride. The character of the mountains, ridged, irregular, and covered with short heath to the summit, was the same, as indeed it is throughout the whole island. Arrived at the Valley of the Furnas, with water dripping from every part that had been at all exposed. These drizzles are very penetrating, and nearly resemble a Scotch mist, I should think. I owe many an escape from a drenching to my invaluable cloak, which I never ride without. Showers are so frequent, that every one you meet on a jack, carries a cloak, or a blue cotton umbrella.

. . .

The description of my first ride to the Valley

of the Furnas seems to me now a great humbug. I can hardly believe I wrote so exaggerated an affair. The jack-riding, the steepness of the way, the precipices, the height, all, except the beauty of the scenery, seems changed. Why, to-day I galloped *over* places that I almost trembled at before, and down descents that I then thought myself lucky to get down safe in any way. Even father would think nothing of it now, though he was entirely overpowered by his former experience. . . .

Friday, March 10th. Last day at the Furnas. The mist cleared away by eleven o'clock. The sun came out bright; not a cloud was to be seen; the air was as mild as a pattern day in June, and as clear as a northwester in October; a perfect day anywhere. How much more than perfect was it in the Valley of the Furnas! After a light dinner we mounted our jacks, and bid farewell forever to the happy valley. The road ascended gradually along the mountains, which form the cup of the crater, and our last look was a long one. Of all the beautiful views we have seen here, this is the most perfect; the one which I shall most delight to recall. Not that it contains any great variety of scenery, a distant landscape, or a bold foreground, for it

has none of these; but it is a perfect whole—perfect in its own loveliness.

The magnificent scenery of nature, with which Robert was surrounded, while at St. Michaels, the quiet, secluded life he led, apart from the busy, bustling world of business and frivolous pleasures, tended to calm and elevate his mind. There was more room for that "quiet contemplation," which ministered to the inner life. His last year of college life had been one of excitement; with the buoyancy of spirits natural to youth, he had been carried along by the current, like a mountain stream. But as the waters of the mountain stream sometimes settle down into the quiet lake, reflecting from its bosom the beauty of earth and sky, so were his feelings gradually changing, till they settled more into the calm of a serene and thoughtful life.

At Ponta Delgada, and afterwards at Fayal, the travellers found a few very pleasant and intelligent people. But the climate, which was that season less mild than usual, was too cold and damp. He returned home late in May, with health rather impaired than improved.

He was rejoiced to get among his friends, and anticipated great benefit from a summer at Naushon; but even that now failed, and the disease was making progress.

It was now evident that he could not go back to college. This was, perhaps, the severest trial of his life. To obtain an education had been the one dear and long-cherished object of his hopes, and every nearer view had only rendered it more dear and precious. There was nothing of ease or personal comfort that he would not sacrifice for it; no privation, no amount of labor or bodily suffering, that he would not gladly endure. In his frequent attacks of illness for years, his first painful feeling, next to the thought of the anxiety it must cause his parents, had always been on account of the interruption to his studies. But he had consoled himself with the thought that it was only an interruption, and that, as his circumstances were not such as required him to enter early upon business, he might still find time to carry out his purpose. But now, to see his hopes not only deferred, but broken off, and life a blank with respect to the object nearest his heart, threw sometimes a shade of sadness over his mind.

It was to be expected that these things would affect the natural buoyancy of his spirits, and prevent his enjoying the pleasant people who visited the family at Naushon, as he would otherwise have done, or taking the same interest in mere amusements. Nature and solitude were more in harmony with his feelings now. He often went out with his gun, and spent many hours in the woods where he might be undisturbed in his thoughts. They were no doubt such as those only can best understand, who, like him, have been compelled to relinquish the most cherished objects of life on its threshold — to feel that home, and friends, and this beautiful world are slowly but surely gliding from their embrace — soon to be only treasures of memory and the affections. And yet there was nothing of gloom, no repining; a more calm and thoughtful manner only, which told of the inner life.

During this last summer on Naushon (1843,) several of his young friends visited him. He entered into their amusements, and enjoyed their society, perhaps as much as he ever did, but in a more quiet way. The last party in particular — a bright and joyous one — spent a happy week on the island. After they had left

—all but one—Robert wrote the following lines. The allusions are local, and belong to the occasion, but will be understood by those who were present, and so will the mixture of playfulness with an under current of deep thought and feeling, by those who knew him at this period of his life. They are a perfect illustration of his character—like the music of his own island, in which the light and cheerful song of birds is mingled with the solemn bass of the ocean waves.

You said, we should not miss you,
But it never can be known,
How sorrowful the Island seems
To us while here alone.
The only pleasure we can find,
Which mournfully we share,
Is to wander through the Island woods,
Dreaming to find you there.

We visit every shady bower,
And every quiet glen,
We carve your name upon the trees,
And think to see you then,
But though our fancy pictures you
Midst all that 's bright and fair,
The mournful thought comes over us,
That still you are not there.

We spring upon our Island steeds,
And gallop off like mad,
Hoping to drive away the thoughts
That make us feel so sad;

But still the Bluff recalls to mind
  Your forms and flowing hair,
And we return in sadness,
  For we cannot find you there.

On the solitary Duck-pond,
  The pines and mosses grey
Are pictured just as faithfully,
  Now you have gone away.
We gaze upon its tranquil breast,
  So calm, so more than fair,
And see midst all its loveliness,
  You only, mirrored there.

We would not wake from that bright dream;
  It hallows the sweet spot,
A memory of those happy days,
  Which cheer our lonely lot;
We 've gathered from its quiet waves,
  Lilies so pure and fair,
That from their "perfect loveliness,"
  We know we 've found you there.

CHAPTER VII.

ROBERT'S LETTERS FROM THE SOUTH.

Age 21.

LATE in November the family moved off the island to New Bedford. Robert's health had so often obliged him to go away, that he felt the strongest desire to spend this winter in quiet at home; and, hoping that he might be able to do so, he commenced making arrangements for that purpose. The letters that follow, express his feelings at this fresh disappointment of his hopes, and the resigned yet cheerful spirit with which this and all his subsequent trials were met.

TO J. H. MORISON.

MY DEAR MR. MORISON, New Bedford, Dec. 1, 1843.

YOUR last letter gave me pleasure, real pleasure, as it always does to hear from you, and every one I have seen from you has some token of your interest in me. . . . We returned from Naushon last Friday, having staid to the very limit of the Naushon season. The wind whistled about our ears, towards the last, wher-

ever we could put them. Still it was very pleasant. We were all sorry to leave, and, had there been a few more winter conveniences, I believe the spring would have found us there. Now we are comfortably established in this good town. Father shoots about on all the business he can find, either at Boston, here, or on the island. Mother sits at home, knits, and meditates, as is her wont, you know: and I do as much as I can find to do, which is but little, I am sorry to say. You and I, Mr. Morison, are laid on the shelf for the present, at least, but at very different stages. If I had only half of your store of information and education to fall back upon, I should be comparatively contented; but to feel that I am good for nothing, and never can be good for anything actively, is rather severe. Therefore I don't think much about it, which is, perhaps, the best way — take all the exercise I can get, and as much pleasure as comes along; though, after all, I think a person has two natures — one, a careless, every-day, physical one, with which he openly goes through the world, and laughs or complains, as his disposition may be; and the other, the thinking self, which has its sway on all occasions of quiet contemplation.

TO J. H. MORISON.

Milton, Dec. 17, 1843.

. . . I THINK of you often, Mr. Morison, for there is always a strong sympathy between those who have the same kind of troubles. Yours are so much greater, that perhaps I turn to mine again with more satisfaction.

After all, my dear Mr. Morison, the troubles of this world necessarily turn one's thoughts to the next, and none more so than the want of health. It is hard to bring one's thoughts to the realization of death; to bring it home to one's self; and the mind can scarcely comprehend it as a reality, in all its vastness. It is good to try, I think; for life and death are problems that every one must work out, and each for himself, and through himself. Perhaps you can give me some new ideas on these subjects. I have been thinking of them lately, not with melancholy or desponding feelings; but no one who thinks at all, can fail to be interested by them, particularly when his hold on life is as uncertain as I feel mine to be. I hoped to be able to spend this winter quietly at home, and, till lately, it seemed very probable. I have seen Dr. B. in Boston, and it is decided that I

had better go south; not that it is necessary, or that I am worse to any extent, but it would be safer. I shall go to Savannah and St. Augustine, and shall leave some time this week; as it is better to go soon, than to wait till travelling is more obstructed by the winter. So now, Mr. Morison, I can take my turn, and offer expeditions to you — Charleston, Savannah, St. Augustine, an excursion to New Orleans, to Havana, and next year, if you wish to go to Canton and the East Indies, perhaps I will accompany you.

Do write me, while I am away, that is, if you don't choose to accompany me. . . . And now, my dear Mr. Morison, good-by. Though you may not be with me, you have had that good influence upon me, the effects of which, I hope, will be with me always.

Truly and affectionately yours,

ROBERT SWAIN.

On Friday, Dec. 22, Robert set out with the friend to whom this letter was written, for Savannah. They were accompanied as far as New York by his father, who thus wrote to him the evening after they were separated.

New York, Dec. 25.

I CANNOT tell you, Robert, how much comfort our last evening together in your room has been to me. I could not say what I wanted to in words; perhaps it was not necessary. But I felt that we understood each other better on the subject which has engrossed our thoughts. You are very dear to me, Robert, and your life most precious. All my hopes in this world are bound up in you; and yet there are higher hopes and purer affections, and a heaven of perfect fruition, where no blight can come. Your life may be essential to my happiness here; but whenever, in the dispensations of Providence, I am called upon to part with you for a time, *this* may be far more so, for its influence on my happiness hereafter; and I thank God for having such a child. You have imprinted your footsteps on everything around me. What treasures of memory will be left when you are gone; and not one sad thought to cloud their brightness! I would not exchange them for all the world can give. How infinitely higher and holier are such memories than living honors or distinctions without them! They will be ever present with me, my consolation and hope. I do not regard death with any shade of gloom,

and, for myself, have no strong desire for life. I may, perhaps, be useful to such as are, in any way, dependent on me, and there are many blessings to be grateful for; but as one tie after another is severed, the desire to remain here grows weaker, and the wish to join those who have gone before strengthens. It may be for us to enjoy each other here some time longer, and you may yet live to see me go before you; but I am sure that while we are together, our intercourse with each other will be one of enduring affection, that can know no change or diminution, surviving our separation, and depriving it of its bitterness. Let this be your consolation, as it is mine. You will then feel no anxiety for me, or for yourself, and will continue to be, what you always have been, a blessing to your father.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Baltimore, Dec. 26th, 1843.

I HAVE arrived thus far, my dear mother, in safety, without accident, without exposure, and as far as I am concerned, without *fear* of either. I hope you can say as much of yourself concerning me. I think, my dear mother may feel

quite easy about me now. I did not expect, and don't find, any inconveniences, except such as now interrupt our progress — that is, an easterly storm, which I hope will be finished by to-morrow afternoon. The travelling I have not found at all tiresome; and I don't believe I shall find riding all night in the cars any great matter either, for I find I can sleep under any circumstances. I begin to look forward to my winter away with some pleasure; and this easterly weather makes the very thought of a soft, mild atmosphere refreshing. I wish I had more to write you, mother. I shall often think of you, and your quiet employments at home; and when easterly winds become more frequent, and the streets are filled with mud and slush, and the winter is breaking up into spring, I shan't be at all surprised to see you finding your way to my warmer and drier resting-place.

TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER, Baltimore, Dec. 26th, 1843.

We arrived here this afternoon safe and well. I have survived the journey so far without any fatigue or inconvenience, unless the weather

may be called an inconvenience, for it has been anything but pleasant. I take great credit to myself for prudence this evening. Ole Bull has a grand concert, and I even went so far as to get a ticket; but finding the easterly wind and weather continue, I gave it up again, and determined to stay at home — that is, by no means at home, but at the Exchange Hotel, which I did much against my inclination.

I hope, my dear father, this winter will be beneficial to me. I do not care so *very* much on my own account, for I often feel that it will be hard for my life to be a happy one, and death has no terrors for me, if I can only be prepared for it. But there are some ties hard to be broken. I know that I can contribute to your happiness, and I do hope that I may be permitted to be with you some time yet. And it will be my fault, if I do not do all I can for you, who have done so much, and have shown so much affection for me.

God bless you, my dear father.

Your son, ROBERT SWAIN.

TO HIS FATHER.

Savannah, Dec. 31st, 1843.

HERE I am at Savannah, my dear father, in good order and condition. We have been very fortunate in weather and passages all the way. Our night down the Chesapeake was as calm as could be, and the steamboat and accommodations excellent. We arrived at Portsmouth early in the morning, and left again at nine, in the cars for Weldon, where we arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. The ride was not tiresome at all to either of us. The road lay through pine forests and swamps, perfectly level, uncultivated and uninteresting, but the weather was pleasant, and the country new to us. The railroad was as bad as it is possible for a railroad to be, and be travelled over. . . . However, we both enjoyed the ride. We left Weldon at twelve o'clock at night, and rode till about sunrise, when we stopped to breakfast. This part of the journey was tiresome enough, and would be bad for any one affected by travelling, and particularly for one subject to headaches, which, thank fortune, I am not. After breakfast we rode on, only stopping for wood and water, till noon, when we arrived at

Wilmington. This latter part of the route was also very tiresome; but it all did me no harm, as I expected. At Wilmington, we took the boat to Charleston, and arrived there at five in the morning. And finding that the boat for Savannah left at nine, and, it being a beautiful day, sunny, and perfectly calm, we decided to come directly on, which we did, and arrived here at seven last evening, after a very pleasant passage. I am as well, in every respect, as when I left home, and do not now feel any fatigue from the journey, and shall not feel any that a night or too will not cure. . . . Monday, Jan. 1st, 1841. A happy new year to you, my dear father, and may I be able to do my part towards making it one. I have not much more to write you about now, as I have not been here long enough to see or know much of the town, and am not settled at all yet.

Your very affectionate son,

ROBERT.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Savannah, Jan. 5th, 1844.

I AM not yet sufficiently settled here to be able to give you much of an account of myself or my

plans. But still I know you will be glad to hear from me. The weather has been mostly clear and pleasant since we arrived, and from ten o'clock till four it is warm and mild enough; but the mornings and evenings are rather cool. Thermometer at 37° yesterday at seven o'clock, and 33° to-day; which, if it continues, will be sufficient to send me off farther south, very soon. As I have left home for warm weather, I don't intend to stop till I find it. I know that you are anxious that I should write how I am exactly and particularly, and where there is anything to tell, I will do so. I arrived here, as I have written you without having suffered from the journey in any way; certainly as well as when I left home; and so far I perceive no change, and I expect to give you accounts of improvement in one way or another soon. I am busily employed in getting a pony now, and it is by no means an easy thing to find a perfect one. Yesterday I rode one on trial out to a place called Bonaventure, five miles from here. Had a fine ride, and liked the pony very much, only, that coming home, he shyed and threw me off. Whereupon I concluded that he was rather too high for me. And I am now looking for a pony that, among his other accomplishments, is

low and near the ground. The roads here are admirably adapted to my style of horsemanship. They are all sand and no stones. A deep, light sand, in the city as well as out, which makes the walking unpleasant; and the sidewalks do not extend far. . . . .

Now, my dear mother, I have put you in possession of my plans and expectations as well as I can at present. When I get settled at St. Augustine or elsewhere, I will write more about matters and things, and tell you what I am doing and seeing, &c. But now I am only planning what to do and see.

My love to cousin Sally. And may you and do you, my dear mother, enjoy as much as you possibly can, in your own quiet, good way this winter; and when your thoughts turn to your absent son, may they be as pleasant and happy as mine always are, and always will be, of you.

Truly your son, ROBERT.

TO HIS FATHER.

St. Augustine, Jan. 18th, 1844.

Now, my dear father, I write you from the Planters' Hotel, St. Augustine, where I arrived

day before yesterday. William G. and I embarked with our two ponies and baggage on board the little steamer, St. Matthews, at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, and steamed away down the Savannah and up the numerous cuts and passages, till evening, when we anchored to wait for the tide. Cards and chess-boards were then brought out, and I was very glad to find a gentleman who played a good game of chess. He, also, I believe, was as much, or almost as much, pleased, to find some one who could beat him. So I was fully employed for the evening. That night the boat was busy making her way through these narrow cuts. They have a new kind of navigation here. Instead of going by compass and observation, they go by feeling; and, when they run on one flat, back off, and find a softer one; which is more experimental than rapid. At four, Sunday afternoon, we stopped at St. Mary's; a small, stagnating city, of five hundred inhabitants, black and white. There we remained till the next morning, detained by tide and fogs. We then went outside, to the St. John's, a distance of eighteen miles or so. My chess friend was to leave at Jacksonville, twenty-five miles up the river, so we made the most of our time; and, I

believe, I satisfied him before he got there, as he did n't get even one game on to me. The St. John's is a glorious river, broad and blue, and skirted with woods. One realizes the greatness of nature's works much more also, when they are off at the end of the world, and where there is nothing to remind him of man. Towards evening we entered Black Creek, and went up it eighteen miles to land the mail. It was the most perfect sail I ever had. The Creek was scarcely twice the width of the steamboat, three or four fathoms deep, of dark, sluggish water. Large trees grew down and into its margin, shadowing it entirely. They were covered with the pendent moss, which grows here so plentifully; and were as picturesque, and much more magnificent than those around our old swamps and wild duck-pond at Naushon. Indeed, it seemed to me more like a continuation of such ponds still more wild than anything else I could think of. You can imagine the effect of driving a steamboat through it, dashing aside the quiet waters, and scaring up the herons and cranes from its sides, and that just at the edge of the evening also. We arrived at Picolata at twelve that night — put our baggage in the stage for St.

Augustine, and took up our quarters at Mrs. Smith's *hotel* for the night, where we were plentifully supplied with cockroaches, &c. — received a breakfast which was rather worse than any I ever had in any of my travels so far, our first breakfast at Villa Franca included. Enough was on the table, but all was worse than bad. We paid our bill, and had our horses brought out as soon as possible. The ride to St. Augustine was eighteen miles. The day was the hottest I have felt so far. At first it was very delightful; the air was mild, the pine barrens were new to me, and the riding fine fun. As we approached the half-way house it grew hot, and towards the close of our journey it grew tiresome also. We arrived here about two; the thermometer was that day 83° in the shade, and the next day 30° early in the morning, which shows that St. Augustine is not without its variations of temperature. This place is old, with narrow streets and stuccoed houses, and much like Ponta del Gada on a small scale. The streets, however, are not paved and are very tolerable for walking. I am pretty well situated here in all important respects. My room is a good one, with a fire-place, which I am making use of at present. My furniture

is rather limited, but the bed is comfortable, and if the wash-stand is dirty, the water is clean enough. Our table is such that, if so disposed, we can find enough to eat that is good and wholesome; and, if otherwise disposed, there is plenty to find fault with, which is an excellent plan, I think, and suits whatever disposition one happens to be in. For myself, I am about the same as I have been since last October. I have no pain in the chest, and little or no cold. I sleep well when not disturbed by dogs or cats, which seem to abound in this neighborhood — good appetite, when our table is not too bad, and find myself very tolerably strong in the riding line. My pony could scarcely be improved; he is very easy, well made, well-disposed and handsome. I am fast approximating to twenty miles a day, as I experience no inconvenience from the eighteen yesterday. In fact, my dear father, I expect to return home improved,— stronger, if not radically better, and have no doubt that I shall spend a pleasant winter besides.

Your most affectionate son,

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO MRS. FORBES.

St. Augustine, Jan. 27, 1844.

MY DEAR COUSIN SARAH,

. . . I AM now quite comfortably situated at a public house here, and, what is of more consequence, am improving, I think, from the effects of exercise and a milder climate; though, as for the latter, I cannot say much at present, the thermometer being at 23° early this morning, and not much higher at this time. The mild days, however, are very delightful, just the right temperature for enjoyment and exercise.

You speak of being sorry that I came. I assure you, my dear cousin, that I was very sorry to do so, but it was a matter of life and death with me; and, so long as there was a reasonable chance of benefit, the comforts of home and the society of friends were minor considerations. Indeed I consider this winter decisive with me. If I improve sufficiently here, I shall expect to be absent from home several winters more, and endeavor to obtain something like established health. If not, I shall be content to remain among home comforts and friends, so long as it may be permitted me to be with you.

Your pleasant cottage is often before me, and

I want no clairvoyance to show me the parlors, the bright fire, my favorite trouting scene over the table, the children tumbling about the room, (every one's pleasure and every one's plague,) and especially aunty Emma's. Why, I almost think I am with you now.

And I am not without my pleasures also. I have found the finest pony in the Union; my first experiment in horse-flesh, tell John; and tell him also, that, in making my selection, he was my chief assistance; for, if I could find an animal anything unlike what he has in his stable, I knew it must be a good one. I ride every day from ten to twenty miles, and find it does me good. . . .

TO HIS MOTHER.

St. Augustine, Jan. 29, 1844.

I KNOW that, now and then, you like to have a letter directed to yourself, in "*propria persona*," my dear mother; and, though I have written four long letters by this mail already, I cannot let it go without writing *home*. The mail leaves here once a week, and it is now a week since I wrote you. I hardly know how the time has passed, but it has passed pleas-

antly, and I have been improving. The ride to Picolata is my only excursion, and it is a very pleasant one on horseback, but by no means so in any other way. There is quite a pleasant *frame* house there, neither ceiled nor clap-boarded; only one thickness of boards, through the cracks of which, one may study astronomy at pleasure. There is, however, always a blazing fire of pitch-pine knots, which makes the room very cheerful, and warms those immediately around it. The landlord is quite an entertaining old man, has travelled all over Florida, and has written a book upon it. In warm weather I could spend a few days very pleasantly there, but to-day was too cold. The thermometer has been below the freezing point for several mornings now, and to-day there is as keen an air as we could have in October, at the commencement of a north-wester.

I am glad to hear from father that you are so contented, and feel so easy about me, my dear mother, that is to say, you are not *anxious* concerning me; and I am still more happy to be able to give you good accounts of myself. I can safely say that you need be under no apprehensions for me *this winter*. I may not be *essentially* better, but I am better than when I

left home. The weather is not just what I want at present, but I hope it will be warmer soon, and I have given up expecting to find things just as I want them now.

Perhaps, my dear mother, you have often wished to be with me, and I also have often wished to be with you. But I have rejoiced again and again, that you did not come with me. I do not see anything that you could have done here; any amusements, or employments, or variety, that you could have had. There is nothing like the tropics here; no fruit, no trees, no flowers. There is no beauty to entice you out of doors, and no comforts to keep you in. I get along very pleasantly *now*, and can make it last some time longer; and if I am only improving, that is sufficient in itself. . . .

TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER, St. Augustine, Feb. 4, 1844.

It is fortunate the mail leaves here only once a week, for if it went oftener, I should not write so often. I should wait day by day for something more to happen. But now I cannot let mail-day go by without writing,

Hearing from me must be a great pleasure to you, and when I think of that, I am ready to write every day almost, and certainly once a week; and it is a pleasure to me also, for it turns my thoughts home; and thinking of you is next to seeing you.

Now there is one matter, I wish to talk to you about. I know that when you hear the G——s are not coming here, your *first* thought will be, that I shall be left here alone, and in a very unpleasant situation. And your next one will be to come on yourself at once and join me. It is a difficult thing for me to advise you not to come, and to give my reasons for it, for you will apply those reasons to me, and be all the more anxious to come on my account. But so it is; I should be very glad to have you with me, and very sorry to have you here. In thinking over what the town affords, I cannot find a single employment or amusement for you. There are no horses that you could ride; there are no vehicles that you could ride in. There is no fruit of any description. The billiard table is half a mile off; so that I have been there but twice. There is no scenery of any description this side of Picolâta; there is no vacant room in this house, and will not be a

decent one for some time. All the expeditions about here must be made on horseback, and all the pleasure is in riding, so that I can see but little for you; and I should be very, very sorry, to have you here on my account; and particularly so as I am doing well, and getting along with things well besides.

TO HIS FATHER.

St. Augustine, Feb. 18, 1844.

Your letters are a great pleasure to me, my dear father, and I look forward to mail-day with some anxiety. Thanks to your kindness in writing so regularly, I have never been disappointed yet. I think it is well for a person to be away from his friends once, to learn how to value them, and how much he loves them. Travelling enlarges the views and affections also, or consolidates them. A man must go a great way to find the kindness he gets, as a matter of course, at home. And yet I have invariably found people kind and obliging, and made many friends and pleasant acquaintances. It's a good lesson to have to depend upon whomsoever you may meet for society. One learns to overlook what is disagreeable, to find

out what is good in every one, (there is always something,) and be glad to get that.

The Florida climate is not exactly what I want; that is to say, the St. Augustine weather has not been quite warm or settled enough, so far. But I think, now the spring has opened, it will be better, and when the weather is fine, it is perfect. I am satisfied that twenty miles in the interior is far preferable to Augustine. There is not that chilliness in the atmosphere, which the sea-breeze often brings in here. I have taken up my permanent quarters in Picolata now, and shall only ride over here now and then for a visit, or to get my letters.

TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Picolata, Feb. 27, 1844.

I AM writing you now from the Picolata piazza. The weather is so warm and delightful, that I have moved a table out, and find it much pleasanter than in the house. This Picolata seems to be my principal place of residence at present, and I will give you a little description of it. Two houses, two stables, and two sheds constitute the town, which is situated on the east bank of the St. Johns river. In

front of Col. Williams's house, where I stay, and on the edge of the river, are half a dozen magnificent live oaks, drooping down with grey moss, which half covers them. The moss is curly in itself, but hangs in long straight lines, like ours, only much larger and longer. These trees are my chief delight, together with the river, and I admire them more than any foliage I ever saw. The river is the most beautiful object. It is a mile wide here, and is a fine sheet of water, and when calm a very beautiful one. These two natural beauties cover a multitude of sins, that is to say, compensate for many inconveniences. The house is only one thickness of boards, and open in every crack and corner. But a pine-knot fire keeps us warm in cool weather, and most of the time it is unnecessary. I have plenty of milk, tolerable bread and butter, and excellent venison and wild turkey occasionally. There is some shooting and fishing near about; but the reason I like the place is, that it is in the country. The air seems clearer and better. One can enjoy pleasant weather more than in town, and also one can do as he pleases. . . . I assure you, my dear mother, I shall be right glad to get home once more, and to see you all again.

By the time I leave Florida, I shall have had enough of this vagrant life, and be ready for civilized society again. But it 's my plan to go for the whole when you are in for any; and I intend to be an undisputed loafer while I am one. . . .

I am looking forward to next summer with much pleasure. There are many pleasant places in the world, and it is well enough to see some of them for variety; but go the world over, and I do not believe there is another Naushon. And there is much enjoyment and much pleasure to be found also; but, in my experience, there is nothing that will compare with the society of one's friends, and nothing can be thoroughly enjoyed without it. I find myself continually putting things aside, as it were, for you at home, and thinking of you whenever I see anything beautiful.

TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER, Picolata, Feb. 29, 1844.

WHEN I receive your long, closely-written letters every week, so regularly, I feel quite ashamed of my hurried scrawls; and now I am determined to begin before the approach of

mail-day, and write you a quiet, sober letter, and tell you everything I can think of, that can in any way interest you. I shall begin with the climate and weather here, which concerns me more than anything else. It is as nearly perfect as can be. For three weeks we had a succession of delightful days without cessation. The atmosphere is smoky, quite warm enough at noon, though a little cool morning and evening. It is just the weather for exercise; very like our Indian summer. Often there will not be a breath of wind all day; and the wind scarcely ever blows hard. The direction has been north and north-west, through the whole month. I am convinced the climate is much better a few miles in the interior than at Augustine. There, the sea-breeze comes in, morning and evening, and is always cool, often chilly. While here at Picolata, if it comes at all, it must pass over twenty miles of pine woods or barrens, as they are called, and becomes much softened. It is on that account, and from love of the country, that I prefer staying here. These pine barrens are very pleasant also. When there is no expedition or amusement under way in the morning, I get on the Count, and ride out into the woods, six or

eight miles. Naushon has given me such a love of the woods, that I want no better company; and with

> "The waving of the forest boughs
> As the wind moves overhead,"

and a song now and then, to keep my spirits up or down, as occasion requires, I pass the time very happily, and usefully also, in one respect, and that the all-important one with me, at present. I think I am gradually improving, or consolidating, perhaps. You need give me no cautions about care, for I am as careful as is consistent with humanity. I have not taken any cold these three weeks, or since this weather commenced, and none worth mentioning since I came here. I have therefore no cough; but the raising continues the same. I am improving in strength, and as regards breathing, which is not so frequently hurried, particularly at night. Any improvement, however, is very gradual; and I do not expect it to be otherwise.

How fast the months are gliding by! Spring is almost here, or quite *here*. I have had ripe strawberries picked from the garden. A few days since, a flock of wild geese passed over on their way to you; and the robins are collecting *en masse*, to carry to you the first tidings

of spring. I find many old friends of mine here — feathered friends. A fish-hawk haunts a dead tree on the banks of the river, who must remember me at Naushon, he takes such good care to avoid me here. The kingfishers, also, are plying as brisk a trade on the St. Johns, as they ever did in Hadley's Harbor. I like to watch them, and hear their watchman's rattle, as they light upon the old trees, along the river's side. It is a very great pleasure to me to be near the water, and such a fine sheet of water too. It is a mile wide here, and when calm, is very beautiful. I believe I can receive positive delight and happiness from merely looking at it. I am glad your boat speculation promises so well. It is quite a pleasure for me to look forward to having good sail-boats next summer. . . . I am looking forward to next summer with great pleasure. I know I shall enjoy being with you, and the society of friends, more than I ever have before. I have learned, by being absent, how to appreciate what I have left; and I feel that it is necessary for me to enjoy my friends, and everything else, in fact, while I may. You must excuse this letter's being so wholly and entirely egotistical; but I see no one else to write about, and there is little

here for description — no crater-lakes and jack-rides. . . .

TO MISS A. M. D.

MY DEAR FRIEND ANNIE, Picolata, March 5, 1844.

. . . PERHAPS I may be somewhat diffident, but if so naturally, dear A., I have no wish to be so with you. I think with you, that friendship, to be worthy of the name, must be the free interchange of thoughts for mutual benefit. There are some subjects, however, those which you mentioned in your letter, very difficult to talk about, and most difficult to think of clearly. Life is a very difficult problem to solve. We see it in our friends, and mark its changes and events to its close, till it is finished here, and then we can speculate upon it, and think we have seen a human life. But it is not so. For the real life is the effect of what we see, of all these "accidents" upon the spirit which is gone. Thus it appears to me, we are made independent of the many circumstances which seem to control us. We cannot alter, and we must submit to them, but we can control their effects upon our minds; and thus live, within ourselves, the life we choose, independent of all

things. For myself, I feel that I must look upon active life almost as a spectator. There are many reasons why I can never be engaged in it. And all my boyish dreams of doing something or other wonderful in the world, some time or other, which every one has, I believe, have left me now. I can never have any plan of life, and expect to be scattered about over the world, so long as I may remain in it. And I know it is very uncertain how long that may be. One lesson, I believe, I have learned, that is to bear with tolerable philosophy whatever is unavoidable; and there is one which I wish to learn — to extract all the enjoyment and happiness possible, as I go along. That is the true philosophy of life, I believe; and where one cannot devote himself to any object, he must take what chance throws in his way, and make the most of that.

I don't know why I have written you all this. It must be your fault for provoking me to it by your letter. . . . I am enjoying my stay here, and my out-door exercises very much; but not half so much as I expect to enjoy Naushon and the society of friends next summer. This letter is rather a short one, but I will

make up for it in the next; and till then, my dear A.,

Believe me your affectionate friend,

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO HIS PHYSICIAN AT NEW BEDFORD.

Picolata, March 9, 1844.

I AM very sorry to be obliged to write an unfavorable account of myself at the time when it will be least expected. Last night, upon going to bed, I had another attack of bleeding. It was entirely unexpected, as I had considered myself doing very well; and, though I had had a slight cough upon going to bed for a few nights, I thought nothing of it.

I write you, wishing you to see my father; for I cannot write to him. I will send him, by the same mail, a letter through Washington, that he may hear from you first.

I think I shall be able to prevent a recurrence of it at present, by care, and I will keep this letter open till the last minute. But it is conclusive to my mind, that I cannot recover. I may prolong my life for some time yet by care, (and I hope to do so, for I have a good deal of

strength,) and to spend one summer more, at least, with my dear parents, God bless them! I cannot think of them, and know not how I shall be able to write to them. I will write you the particulars, as you request in your letter; and I hope you can give my father more encouragement than I feel myself from them. . . . Perhaps in this mild climate, and with so much warm weather before me, there may be one chance for me left yet. I do not allow myself to trust to it, but I wish my friends might; and I will do all that I can do to avail myself of it. . . .

TO HIS FATHER.

MY DEAREST FATHER, Picolata, March 10, 1844.

IT is with great difficulty I can bring myself to write you now, for I cannot bear to think of the pain my letter will cause you. It is hard, very hard, to be the cause of affliction to those whom one loves best. But so it is; and all that is left for us is to do what we can to counterbalance it.

I have been getting on so well, and have written such encouraging letters home, that I

fear you will be totally unprepared for any change, as I was myself.

The night before last I had another attack of bleeding. It was caused by a cough, which had troubled me for a few nights, which seemed to proceed, as before, from difficulty in throwing off the mucus. It is a satisfaction to me, that this was not occasioned by any imprudence. Several days ago, we had a high wind, and the atmosphere here was impregnated with fine sand, which got into the house, and settled upon everything. I thought it might be bad for me, and went into the woods as soon as possible. That night my cough commenced. I cannot think of the effect of this upon your fondest hopes; and I almost wish you loved me less, that you might not suffer so much.

I always think it best to be *prepared* for anything, and to *hope* for the best; and now I do not give it up without one more trial. I shall have a mild, soft atmosphere for a long time, and am as favorably situated as possible, for such a case.

And should this trial be unsuccessful, and it be apparent that I can never recover, I shall still have one more last summer at Naushon, to spend with you, my dearest parents. Life is

not, in itself, so very valuable to me, and it will be chiefly for your sakes that I shall regret leaving it. Then, have we all that happy land to look forward to, "where the mourners cease to mourn, and the weary are at rest." And what matters a little time, whether we spend a few less, or a few more years here? It is nothing. To that end we must come at last; and I almost think he is to be envied who is first to go. It is not like going to a strange country, either. The way may be dark and guideless, and we know not where it leads; but we know that many of our best and dearest friends have gone before us, and that all must follow us. Why should we fear? But, my dear parents, I write not this despondingly. It is what may occur, and it is well to think of it. But it will not occur for some time yet, and it may not for a long time. I am getting over the effects of this attack, without difficulty. Yesterday, the mucus which I raised, was discolored; to-day it is not. I slept very tolerably, better than I expected. My pulse is right, and I am recovering from the depression. I will write up to the time the boat leaves.

I suppose I must give up all thoughts of going

home with Mr. Fearing, even if it were practicable otherwise; though I think it most probable that, if nothing occurs to prevent it, in two weeks I shall be apparently as well as at any time. But I shall await at Savannah your directions, and shall be ready to join you anywhere, as soon as the climate will allow of my going north.

If you decide to come on soon, do not let this letter hurry you too much. There is no occasion for great haste. You will wish to return with me some time in June, and will have many things to be arranged for so long an absence.

Monday, 11th. I slept very well last night, my dear father, and feel better and improving to-day. And I feel confident I shall have no return of the bleeding at present. I have decided to go to Savannah at once. I shall be with the Fearings there, and be sure of good accommodations and friends; and there I shall await you also. I think you had both better come on, for I want to see you now all the time I can. I will write you at home by the next mail, then at New York, and will try to have a letter at Baltimore as you come on.

I dread to send this, very, very much; but it

must be done. God bless you, my dearest parents. In life and in death I shall remain,

Your affectionate son,

ROBERT.

TO THE SAME.

On board the St. Matthews, Thursday, 14th.

WE shall arrive at Savannah in a few hours. I have got through with the passage very tolerably. Mr. Hart and Mr. Merritt came on with me in the boat, and have been very kind in saving me from exposure and trouble. I shall stop at the Pulaski House again, and make myself as comfortable and quiet as possible. As the mail leaves there every day, I shall write you once or twice at home, and then at New York, Baltimore and Charleston, if I can learn when you will be there. Your affectionate son.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FATHER, Savannah, March 19th, 1844.

I AM glad to be able to give you a favorable account of myself for these few days past. Since I last wrote, I have been improving every day, and now I can really see but little differ-

ence in my condition, from what I was before this attack. I do not feel the same confidence in myself, or the same confidence in my recovery. But I cannot see that I am at present perceptibly worse for it; and I am surprised at it too. I know you will be anxious to learn exactly how I am, and I will give you a medical description . . . . From my general health continuing so good, I cannot help having a little hope yet. And I have great confidence in being able to spend a long time with you, my dearest father, even though I cannot recover.

My chief sorrow has been for you; and the hardest trial I have had, has been writing to you, and thinking of the pain my letter must give you. But though it may be unexpected at present, I know you have thought of these things before, and are not unprepared for whatever may happen.

You must take your own time for coming on here, and not be in any haste.

The weather is fine; I am out most of the time, and am very comfortably and pleasantly situated.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROBERT'S HOMEWARD JOURNEY.

Age 21.

TO. J. H. MORISON.

Savannah, April 7th, 1844.

MY DEAR MR. MORISON,

I KNOW you will be anxious to hear from me now, since so much has happened, and so many unexpected changes have taken place. We little thought, when occupying this little parlor together, that all our, that is, *my* family would be collected together here before my return. But so it is, and here we all are, and E. L. B. besides, scattered about the aforesaid little parlor, making quite a New Bedford party.

If you have heard from my last letters, you are, no doubt, quite free from any immediate apprehension concerning my attack. And I am glad to be able to give you good accounts still, putting the matter at rest for the present. This writing home bad news is the hardest thing I ever had to do. I do not care so very much for myself. I think, Mr. Morison, that I have learned to

bear whatever may happen to me with tolerable philosophy. I have had a good deal of it to do, and I hope it has not been without its good effects. But it is very hard to be the cause of affliction to those one loves best, even through one's health, which is beyond our control. Still, there is nothing to do, but to give as well as receive, all the happiness we can; and that is all the plan of life I can have at present. Our plans for living, however, are by no means so simple, and I am sorry I have not time to give them to you, at length, descriptively. As soon as father arrived, and we had talked over matters a little, we commenced thinking and planning what would be the best course for me to pursue this summer, and soon decided, that riding was the best possible exercise, and what I must have. Mr. F. and Frank, as you know, intended making their homeward journey through the country. We have now decided to accompany them. To-morrow morning, at nine, father and Mr. F. go to Charleston; the former to buy horses and a carriage for the journey. At half past seven, mother and E. start in Mr. F.'s carriage for Augusta. Frank and myself accompany them on horseback. We shall arrive at Augusta in four days, when Mr.

F. and father will meet us there. We shall all remain there and at Aikin two or three weeks, when mother and E. will return home, and we, *journeymen*, start on our long expedition. I can only tell you now, that we go through the western part of this state, North and South Carolina, into the Shenandoah Valley, and through this up. We shall travel about thirty miles a day, stop whenever we find it convenient and pleasant, and stay as long as we please. We expect thus to see the finest parts of this great country, and to grow strong and well from the exercise. I have recovered entirely from the effects of my last attack, and appear to be as strong as at any time previous, and am anticipating much benefit from this expedition. It involves many unpleasant things, however; among which, breaking up the Naushon summer is not the least.

With love to Emily and my best wishes for her and your welfare,

I remain ever affectionately yours,

ROBERT SWAIN.

FROM ROBERT'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

April 8th, left Savannah for Augusta, where we arrived on the 11th We started every morn-

ing at seven; stopped at twelve, and dined at some one of the farm-houses on the road, which we found clean, cool and pleasant, and the people very accommodating. After an hour or so of rest, we proceeded the remainder of our day's journey in the cool of the afternoon. We were wise in taking our own bread and some provisions, which might have been *more* without inconvenience.

Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 12th, 13th and 14th, spent at Augusta, seeing about horses, carriages and things necessary to be got, and admiring the beauty of the town, which surpasses any I have yet seen in the south for the width of its streets, and neatness of its houses. The hotel at which we stopped, ("the United States") kept by Mr. Frazer, is an excellent one. There is also good ice-cream to be had a few doors off.

Monday, April 15th. Left Augusta for Aiken, accompanying Mr. F. and carriage. Frank stopped to walk his mare down, lamed by a negro's carelessness. Father coming in the afternoon cars. Hot ride to Aiken — eighteen or twenty miles. Met an old "Cracker," who surpassed any Yankee in asking questions. Found mother and Miss G. at Aiken — Edward gone to Charleston to get the horses and carriage. The

country from Augusta to Aiken is finer than any we have yet seen. After leaving Savannah, it is uniformly a level pine barren. Towards Augusta, it changes into a regular, rolling country, and towards Aiken it becomes hilly and more varied.

Wednesday, 17th April. Edward arrived from Charleston with a Rockaway carriage and pair of greys, both of which promise well. In honor of this purchase one nag is named Ned, and the other Baker.

Friday, 19th. Edward, mother and Miss G. left us for home. We intended leaving also, but were prevented by an easterly storm.

April weather at the South. From the 4th to the 19th of April there has been an uninterrupted succession of fine days — clear and hot. Thermometer at Aiken 86° in the coolest place in the house, with the thinnest clothing it was difficult to keep cool. Now, the 19th, an easterly storm has commenced — damp, chilly, and disagreeable. Mrs. Swartz keeps a good house, and we are fortunate in being detained at such a place. Roast beef and steaks unexceptionable.

Monday, 22d April. Left Aiken at quarter past six. Horses in good condition, and carriages

well stocked with every necessary and many a superfluity.

At twelve, stopped at Edgefield, and dined on our own provision. Yankee landlord from Connecticut, with his northern wife, and northern stock throughout. Afternoon started for Dr. Nicholson's, seven miles on, and were *introduced* to the red clay roads. The Doctor's a fine house, good supper, and pleasant place.

Tuesday, 23d. Off at quarter past six, Frank starting an hour earlier on his lame horse. Road horrible beyond description — clayey, muddy, full of holes and ruts, and very rough. One o'clock, stopped at Clagon's, twenty-six miles. Tired and glad to stop.

Wednesday, 24th. Off at quarter past six. Road better, country beautiful. Crossed the Saludee river; stopped at noon, finding it hot, and ate our lunch-dinner. Then on to McCullough's, and pulled up for the night, thirty miles. McCullough, an Irishman — thirty years in the country, with children and plantations around him in abundance.

Thursday, 25th of April. Left at quarter past six again. Arrived at Greenville at quarter past eleven — twenty-four and half miles. Road capital. Found an extensive and excel-

lent house at Greenville, and *ice* and *ice-cream*. We are fortunate in being before the travelling season, and therefore find good accommodations. In this large house we are the only company.

Sunday, 28th of April. Left Greenville for Dr. Lynch's — ten miles. Horses recovered and refreshed. Dr. L.'s is a fine house, pleasantly situated in the woods, and well kept. We are now approaching the mountains, and cooler weather. There has been no rain since we left Aiken, and hot weather. Thermometer over 80°. This evening a fine shower and *hail*.

Monday, 29th of April. An easterly wind and cloudy day prevented our leaving Lynch's. It is a pleasant place, however, and we are not unwilling to stop. Greatly alarmed about a party with ladies, who are expected here to-night from Charleston. Two carriages, with four horses each, and a baggage-wagon.

Tuesday, 30th of April. Left Lynch's at seven. To Sumney's, one mile this side of Flat Rock — twenty-five miles. The most delightful ride we have yet had — hills and woods and running brooks — beauty in everything. Weather good again and cool — vegetation three weeks behind Aiken — trees just out in leaf, and flowers in profusion.

Wednesday, May-day. After hesitating about the weather, concluded to go on, and at seven o'clock were on our way, passing the beauties of Flat Rock with only a cursory view. The weather, though cloudy, proved excellent for travelling. Road capital. Scenery mountainous and beautiful. Stopped at Ashville, twenty-six miles from Flat Rock.

Thursday, 2d of May. Left at seven o'clock — soon struck the French Broad river, and continued along its banks; the road running along by it — a very pretty ride. Stopped twelve miles on, at Alexandria. Tried the fishing unsuccessfully. Road good, but dusty.

Friday, May 3d. Started early, and came on twenty-six miles to the Warm Springs, on the French Broad. Ride along the bank of the river very fine, but none of us enjoyed it. Mr. F. and Frank were both sick, and rode in their carriage; and I had a slight return of bleeding, and rode in our carriage.

Saturday, May 4th. Had an attack of bleeding again last night; a serious one. Have been in bed to-day, feeling badly for myself, and more so for my dear father, who is very much affected. God grant that I may be better soon. I cannot bear to see him so distressed.

Our position is very discouraging, if I do not recover soon. We are too far on our way to return, and a journey before us which requires much strength and time ere we can get to any approachable place.

May 5th. Improved a little, and moved over to a house on the opposite side of the river, which is much more comfortable. It is very large — two hundred and thirty feet front — and accommodates two hundred people, who resort thither from the low countries in July.

We could not have a more delightful place to stop at. Fine rooms, a table to ourselves, and good attendance.

Father has been unwell for some time, and to-day seems worse.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Warm Springs, (N. C.) May, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

We are now, thus far, on our journey; as father has told you, and with very favorable circumstances. The weather has been delightful, though sometimes rather too warm. The houses have been invariably good, and the rides pleasant, and some of them very beautiful. I

have often wished you could be with us to enjoy them also, and particularly in crossing the mountains a few days since. The scenery was beautiful; but what I thought would delight you was, the profusion of wild flowers, which seemed to fill the woods in every direction. Several varieties of honeysuckle, (azalea, I think you called it,) of most gorgeous colors; a bright scarlet flower that grows in the rocks, and many more equally beautiful, which, if I was a botanist, I might describe to you. Since we left Aiken, we have found much greater variety, and particularly since we came to the hilly and mountainous regions. Some part of the way you could have been with us, as well as not; but then again you would have found other parts very tiresome. We had, for one or two days, a terribly rough, clayey road, which I avoided by riding on horseback most of the time, but which you would have found very fatiguing in the carriage; and, as to our accommodations, we are sometimes pushed for room, and expect to be still more so. We generally fill up a house pretty effectually, and give our sympathy, if not our room, to those who unfortunately come after us. I have enjoyed the journey, so far, and am in hopes it will prove

beneficial to me. At all events, it was the best thing we could think of for me, and, as father says, the result is not in our hands. Even now, my dear mother, I am looking forward to Naushon, and to meeting you again; for neither Flat Rock, nor the French Broad, nor anything else we have yet seen, will compare with *our* home.

Yours ever. ROBERT S.

FROM HIS MEMORANDUM BOOK.

May 6th. I am a little better, recovering, and expect to go on in a few days, though slowly. Our party is broken up. Mr. F. and Frank go to-morrow, Mr. F. being unwilling to wait longer. Father and self follow in a few days. Father is better to-day, and apprehends no more difficulty.

Tuesday, May 7th. Mr. F. and Frank left this morning. Afternoon I had a slight return of raising; and, alarmed at the possibility of my growing worse, and having to remain here some time sick, and without friends, we concluded, most reluctantly, to send on for Frank to return. William, our driver, was accordingly

despatched on the Count for Henderson's, thirty-two miles, with a letter.

Wednesday, May 8th. At one o'clock, to-day, Frank and William appeared.

Thursday, 9th. Improving slowly. Last night a man rode off the bridge here on horse-back. The bridge is twenty feet high, and the stream rapid. The horse was blind, the man was drunk, and yet they got to the shore uninjured. A strong argument against the temperance cause; for if the man had been sober, he would probably have been killed.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS MOTHER.

MY DEAR MOTHER, Warm Springs, May 9.

It is father's wish that I should add a post-script, and I do so, though I can but repeat what he has already told you. We commenced this journey, as you know, after deciding that it seemed to offer the best, and perhaps the only chance of my improvement — certainly the best that I could think of — and I still remain of the same opinion. I cannot but think that the exercise of a journey like ours, taken with moderation and care, in a fine cli-

mate and through a pleasant country, is the best thing I can do. And even if I am still to be subject to these attacks, which seems to have been the case ever since I left home, I can think of no other course, which would offer a better chance of my being able to throw them off, than our present one; so long as there is hope of my being able to do so at all.

I do not think that you need be at all anxious about me at present. I have always recovered from these attacks at once and without difficulty, and have been as well, apparently, in a week, as I was before; and that is the case now. The raising has entirely ceased, and I know that, unless something unusual occurs, I shall be fully able to go on by next Monday. There is no hurry, however, and we are determined to be safe. And this is such a delightful place also, that I shall be sorry to leave it. I know this will cause you some anxiety, my dear mother; but you must know, and must wish to know, all that happens to us, and I think you will take the same view that I do of our affairs; and I know that is the best one.

Your most affectionate son,

ROBERT.

FROM HIS MEMORANDUM BOOK.

Friday, 10th. Still improving slowly.

Saturday, 11th. Rode on the Count.

Sunday, 12th. Rode in the carriage, and ready to go to-morrow.

Monday, 13th. A fine, cool morning and easterly wind, which is very different from our easterly wind the other side of the mountains. Left Warm Springs at six, and came on twelve miles to Horton's, crossing the mountains; leaving the French Broad, and entering Tennessee. Frank and William explored a cave, and got lost.

Tuesday, 14th. Started at six, and came on, through Greenville, nineteen miles, to Henderson's, six miles further. Forded —— river. Water level with the carriage body; stony bottom and strong current. Henderson's is a good house.

Wednesday, 15th. Left at half past five, and came twenty-six miles. Road horribly rough; the worst we have had since we left South Carolina. It required all our driver's skill to avoid the rocks and gullies, and more; for once we stuck into a rut, which almost stopped us effectually. The strength of our carriage alone

saved us. This is a very good stone house, and cool. The people in it are miserably off. They have no slaves, and do nothing themselves; therefore we had nothing to eat and could get nothing done. If we had not brought some bread from Henderson's, and had a tongue, we should have starved on bad eggs and bacon. The roads here are so bad in the spring, that wagons have been forced to return to the same house from which they started, for six successive days. They often heap the mud before their axletrees, and are obliged to shovel it off like snow.

Thursday, 16th May. Came through Blountville, (Tenn.) on to Mr. King's, twenty-one miles in Virginia. Road very bad, and we were seven hours going twenty-one miles. Mr. King's is not a road house, but we determined to stop there, if possible, and, aided by the respectability of our appearance, succeeded. He is a minister, and has the best farm in the country. His house is the best we have yet seen. On the top of a hill, and surrounded by trees, it is cool, commands a fine view of the farm and mountains, and has every breeze that blows. Mr. King was away. His daughters (very pretty girls too,) were here, and we had strawberries

and cream for dinner. We are in the region of Virginia riflemen now. There is a man in Blountville who bet one hundred dollars that he could shoot a quart of rifle bullets into an inch auger-hole at one hundred yards, without roughing up the edges. He was taken up, and shot twenty or thirty balls into the hole without touching the sides, and his opponent gave it up.

Friday, 17th. Came to Abington, fifteen miles. Road very tolerable. Stopped at Trig's, a good brick house and fine rooms. Abington is quite a place, pleasantly situated in a valley, with a fine country around. Mr. Preston, who passed us on the road, resides here, and has a splendid house and grounds. Mr. Gibson, whom I met at Augustine and Picolata, lived here also. He has got as far as Augusta on his return, and will die there. His brother passed us on his way to him.

Saturday, 18th. Left Abington as early as we could, but father here found it difficult to hurry matters. The lady of the house said, she "would n't be hurried; she had seen travellers before, and as big ones as he, and she warn't to be hurried by 'um." Came on twenty-three miles to Six-mile Ford. Road very tolerable; but if we were earlier, or if the season

was not unusually advanced, full three weeks earlier than common, these roads would be impassable. They are clayey and rocky; and even now we frequently find places where the mud is deep enough for our carriage, with horrible holes and ruts also. The house here is an excellent one, built of brick, large and cool. We are evidently in a better country. The farms are well cultivated. There is more land under improvement, and the log hovels are disappearing. There are extensive salt springs near this place, one of which belongs to the Preston family.

Sunday, 19th. Remained at the Ford. Wind easterly, and fire comfortable morning and evening.

TO J. H. MORISON.

Twenty miles from Abington, (Va.) May 19, 1844.

MY DEAR MR. MORISON,

I AM writing you from the "*ultima thule*" of Virginia. We have passed through South and North Carolina; crossed the Blue Ridge and a spur of the Alleghanies; followed the course of the French Broad river, into Tennessee; and, having crossed the corner of that state, are now in Virginia.

The country through which we have passed has been uniformly fine, and we have been very fortunate in weather and accommodations. We have not been detained by rain one day since we left Aiken. The season is remarkably forward, a month more advanced than last year at this time; and that is of the greatest importance to us on account of the roads. They are clayey and are scarcely settled, even now; and if we were earlier, or if the season was later, they would be almost impassable. At the Warm Springs, in North Carolina, we were detained by my sickness. It was a beautiful place, on the banks of the French Broad, and surrounded with mountains. The house also was excellent. There was no place this side of Savannah where we could have been so comfortable.

We are making the journey, as we intended, by easy stages, seldom more than twenty-five miles a day. We start at five, and ride from five to seven hours. The houses on the road are excellent, and sufficiently numerous. We are always able to stop at a good one without overdoing. The only drawback we find is in the roads, and they are so much better than we have any reason to expect, that we ought to be satisfied and thankful it is no worse; and in a

short time, also, we meet the turnpike, which is good enough.

I am doing very well now; but whether it will be of any permanent benefit to me or not, I cannot yet tell. If these attacks of bleeding continue, I cannot recover; and it will only be left for me to spend the remainder of my life as pleasantly as I can at home, and in the society of friends. This leaving all that is so beautiful and so dear to us, is hard to think of, Mr. Morison, and sometimes I can hardly bear to think of it; but, as I have had many difficult things to bear, I hope to be reconciled even to this. And the knowledge that there is no human remedy, and that what is the will of God is for the best, is a great assistance.

My best love to Emily, and believe me,

Very truly yours,

ROBERT SWAIN.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Red Sulphur Springs, May 26, 1844.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

I HAVE just looked over a long letter of father's to you, which seems to comprise almost everything that can be said. As he has said less

about these Springs and their "surroundings" than they deserve, I will begin with them, and trust to luck to lead me into some path not quite trodden smooth by his greatness.

This is a very picturesque place. It is a steep ravine, like the letter V, with a small bit of level ground at the bottom. This is laid out as a grass plot, with trees and paths; and surrounding it, at the foot of the hills, are the houses, with their long ranges of white pillars and piazzas. The spring is near the centre of the valley. It is covered with a fine dome, and supported by pillars. The water is perfectly clear, and flows out constantly from a rock. It is enclosed in a marble basin, which shows its transparency to advantage. Altogether, it is a perfect nook of a place, entirely shut in. The water is impregnated with sulphur to such a degree, that I can with difficulty get down half a tumbler at a time; and, being obliged to take five or six tumblers a day, you can see how pleasantly my time must be occupied. I am determined to give these Springs a fair trial. We hear them praised in cases similar to mine, and if I can derive any benefit from them, I intend to do so. . . Naushon, however, is a chain around our necks, not easy to be shaken

off, and every succeeding week, after the first of June, will draw it one link tighter.

We have scarcely seen a church in our whole journey. In New England, every little collection of houses, though hardly enough for a village, has its white church and spire, and schoolhouse. But it is not so in this country. A village church or a village schoolhouse is seldom seen. Benches placed out under the trees, are the substitute for the one, and the nearest approach to the other is the colleges, with high-sounding titles and few students, which we meet with, now and then, in the larger towns. Common country schools have not found their way here yet. The villages have not the clean, tidy, flourishing appearance that ours have. They all have a stagnating look. The lack of paint, broken windows, and decaying wood-work, dirty streets, &c. &c., show that the march of improvement is a "dead march." One need only travel through the southern states, to come home satisfied with New England, and to thank his stars that his lot was cast among its rocks and sands.

Your affectionate son, ROBERT.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY HIS FATHER.

Red Sulphur, Friday, May 31.

At eleven o'clock, to-day, Robert was attacked with a more violent hemorrhage than any preceding one. It lasted an hour. He — but I can hardly go on — he had no expectation of surviving it, and, in the intervals of coughing up blood, talked to me in a strain that almost broke my heart; and yet it was the greatest possible comfort to hear him. If there ever was an angel boy, he is one; and I had rather have been the father of such a son dead, with all the treasures of memory he leaves behind him, than of the most distinguished for talent or station. I have long known he was destined to an early grave; and no transient changes have ever deceived me into the indulgence of hope for long life. But it will be hard to part with so much promise, and bury with him all our hopes in this world. I have sketched down what he said as well as I could remember it at such a time. He was lying in my arms for an hour and I thank God for the privilege. After that time the hemorrhage abated, and soon ceased. We had a good physician on the spot. He administered some remedy, and by one

o'clock Robert slept. Since then he has felt very easy and comfortable, but, of course, weak. If I can only get him home without another attack, it is all I hope for. Their coming in such quick succession, notwithstanding all our care, makes me fear not being able to do that. He cannot leave here short of a fortnight, or ten days certainly, and we must travel very slowly. The distance to Winchester is two hundred and twenty miles; it will take us two weeks to get there. I copy what he has just written on a slate.

"I have been in the valley of the shadow of death. I twice lost all consciousness, save that I felt I was dying; and it was indescribably pleasant. I saw nothing here. A happy unconsciousness of suffering came over me, and I felt that I could die in peace. Twice, the raising, the last effort of nature, roused me from this state, and brought me back to life, to a dim consciousness of the room, of my, and of your suffering, my dear father. I could but seize the moments thus unexpectedly offered me, to pray for mercy to myself and for consolation to you. I now feel like one brought back from death to life, but it must be for a short time. I have lost so much blood, that I cannot recover my

strength. I may possibly be able to reach Winchester. I should hardly dare attempt the long rides in the cars beyond that. I cannot leave here in less than two weeks, and should require as much time to get to Winchester. I hardly dare take the responsibility of not writing to mother immediately."

The particulars of this attack were thus written down by his father at the time.

Soon after returning from a short ride on his pony, Robert had a sudden and severe attack of hemorrhage, about ten o'clock. I had stepped down to the spring when it occurred. He had great difficulty in making himself understood by the servant who came for me. I was with him in a moment or two, and found him discharging blood copiously. His first words were, "O, my dear father, I am going. God bless you! God forever bless you and my dear mother! Comfort her all you can. This will be a hard thing for her to bear. Do not grieve, my dear father. I had hoped to have been permitted to live, and be a comfort to you in the decline of life. But God's will be done. He knows what is best for us, better than we do. Look to Him for consolation. There only can you find it.

"I am going, my dear, dear father. God, in his infinite mercy, forgive my sins. It is through his mercy alone I can hope for forgiveness. When the body returns to dust, the spirit ascends to God who gave it. Receive, O God, thy gift!

"Bless me, my dear father. I know this is hard for you to bear. Put your trust in God. He will comfort you." He then repeated a part of the Lord's prayer.

"I go to join our dear friends who have gone before me, and they are not a few. We shall meet again in a better world." All this was said in the most touching tone and manner, interrupted continually by spells of coughing up blood. I could not see his face, for I was supporting him in my arms. In broken sentences, but with great distinctness, he repeated that beautiful passage:

> "Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
> Or the golden bowl be broken,
> Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
> Or the wheel broken at the cistern;
> Then shall the dust return to the earth, whence it came,
> And the spirit to God who gave it."

"O, my dear mother! how much I love her. Tell her so. God will comfort her. I know

how good she is. She must try to be resigned. Life has little to offer me; I can leave it without regret. It is only your suffering, and the parting with you and mother, that is hard. I care not for bodily pain; that is nothing. Through the infinite mercy of God I shall be happier than I ever could have been here. Give my love to J. M. F., and cousin Sarah. Tell him *he* must be a son to you now.

"Give my love to Mr. Morison; I owe him a great deal — more than I can express. I feel the value, at this time, of what he has done for me. God bless him for it. I have many other dear friends; give my love to them all. Farewell, Frank. It may be good for you to know what it is to die. I do not say so of myself; but at such a time as this, you will feel the value of a religious life.

"God bless you, my dear, dear father. You have more than done the duty of a father to me. I thank God for it, when you say that I have always been a comfort to you and my dear mother. Take my last kiss to her.

"Do not say my life has been blameless. I am conscious of many wrong things. But my trust is in the mercy of God, and I know it is infinite. Into his hands I commit my spirit.

O God! receive thy gift." — In the most touching manner, he again repeated, "Or ever the silver cord be loosed," &c.

"O no! It matters not what becomes of the body after the spirit has left it. I have no wish in regard to that. If Dr. Bartlett has any desire to examine it, let him do so."

The physician cautioned him against talking. "O, it won't make any difference, Doctor; I have but little time, and must say what I have to, while I can."

He was leaning back in my arms all this time, and spoke in the intervals of coughing, sometimes with difficulty, and once or twice so feebly, it seemed as if that voice which had so long been one of gladness to our ears, must soon be hushed, and the eye, so often beaming with looks of affection, closed forever. I could hardly catch the words. They were full of the most touching farewells.

The hemorrhage gradually abated, and he revived. Warmth returned to his limbs, the coughing diminished, and once more my heart was gladdened by his look of love. He soon after dropped into a sleep; his breathing became less hurried, his complexion lost its livid hue, and looked natural again.

This might have lasted half an hour; I cannot tell. I only know that a life so dear to us, is spared a little longer; and I pray God it may be until he can receive his mother's blessing, and imprint a last kiss on her cheek.

FROM ROBERT'S MEMORANDUM BOOK.

At one time, during this last attack of hemorrhage, I felt that I was dying. Everything grew dim before my eyes. My memory failed me. I could not think of the next word I wished to say, and I could not utter the one upon my lips. A delightful feeling of peace, of freedom from all pain and suffering, of withdrawal from the world, came over me. My mind was perfectly clear. I had no thought of returning to life! This, then, is death, and now, I thought, nothing but the last rattle in the throat is wanting before my spirit takes its flight. And I *listened* to hear it. The thoughts, the feelings of that one instant of time were such as could not be in any other instant in life. The change, the great change, *now is*. With what an agony of expectation, of hope, of wonder, did my mind turn upon itself, to feel its own change, to follow out, as it were, its

own identity, through the changes it was to pass through.

This was all over in one instant. By the last efforts of nature, a cough threw the blood from my lungs, and I revived again. It was very painful to return to so much suffering, and the sensation was of unmingled regret.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Red Sulphur Springs, June 3d, 1844.

I FEEL, my dearest mother, that you must be anxious to hear from me myself, although I scarcely know how to write to you. That should pass between us now which cannot be said in writing, and which words can scarcely express. Father has written you the particulars of this last attack. It is hard to give up all hope; and to feel that this beautiful world, and life, which is so dear to us all, must now be as nothing to me. But it is what I, and I hope you, my dear mother, have long looked forward to, in my case. And whether it be a little sooner or later, I hope and I almost feel that I can be resigned.

There is much difference in thinking over

these things, and in the reality, when placed suddenly before us — and that, when life has so much that is dear to you also. To feel that henceforth you can have no part in it, that it is nothing to you, so clashes with your whole being, tha tit is difficult to realize it. O! what would be man's feelings then, were it not for a belief in another and a higher state of existence. It is in the certainty of this that I now trust: And, in thinking upon it, how one's thoughts are drawn from this world. Of how little consequence does this life seem to us! And of how very little moment is it whether we stay here a few years more or less! Death has no terrors for me. It is merely the passage from one state of existence to another. And already I have gone through with all but that last and final change. Most unexpectedly was I rescued when hope was not; and my only thought was, that this is death! And now, my dearest mother, I have the one hope, that I may be enabled to return home, and pass a little time in quietness and peace, and in communion with my dearest friends.

And I think I shall be able to do so. I am recovering from the effects of this attack faster than I have any reason to hope. And the

strength that enables me to do so, will, I think, be sufficient to carry me through the journey.

Ever thy loving son, ROBERT.

FROM HIS FATHER.

Red Sulphur, Monday morning, June 3d.

MY letter of Friday evening must have caused much suffering. I wish it could have been spared; but we both thought it was right for you to be made acquainted with the exact truth. I am able to write more encouragingly now. . . . . This morning Robert was dressed and took his breakfast at half past seven, and now sits beside the table reading. His pulse is lower than last evening considerably, but still too frequent. It is wonderful to me that he has so much strength after such a loss of blood. I think there is now reason to hope that he will be able to begin the journey from here somewhat sooner than we at first apprehended, perhaps by next Monday. But we shall be very careful and prudent. He will not ride the pony at all. The road from here is much better than what we have passed over, and I think fifteen or eighteen miles a day can be travelled with

safety in the cool of the morning. If so, I hope to save you a part, at least, of the journey from Winchester, and meet you, perhaps, at Harrisonburg.

I cannot tell what a relief it will be to me when I can see Robert's hand in his mother's once more. I am afraid this long journey will be to fatiguing, and I wish it might have been spared you. There does not now appear to be any necessity for great haste, for I think Robert will get home once more. I would not therefore feel in too much of a hurry. I should take the steamboat routes, &c. &c.

Seven o'clock, P. M. Robert has continued through the day, quite as well, certainly, and thinks we can leave here next Saturday instead of Monday. Of course we shall be governed by circumstances, and endeavor to be prudent and careful. My great anxiety is to see him once more with his mother, and in our own home.

FROM THE SAME.

Red Sulphur, Wednesday, 5th June, 1844.

My last was on Monday afternoon. Robert did not have a very good night; the increased

cough, which has continued since the hemorrhage, kept him awake. Still, after eating his breakfast, Tuesday morning, he seemed better, walked down to the spring, and at five o'clock took a short ride with me in the carriage, and said it did him good. He bore the exercise very well, and it was not followed by any excitement, or pain in the chest; indeed, he has not complained of any since the attack. An increased difficulty of breathing and weakness are what he has to contend with. He is now able to eat more nourishing food, and, I think, will gain a little strength every day. He is quite confident we shall be able to leave here Saturday, if not Friday, and I think we may do so, if the ride to-day and to-morrow does not fatigue him. He is exceedingly tired of staying here, and anxious to be getting towards home. On that account I feel that we ought to go as soon as it will do. The Doctor here apprehends no danger of another hemorrhage; at all events, for some time. I cannot help feeling very anxious about it. The responsibilities of my situation almost paralyze me. If I can only see Robert home once more and with his mother, nothing will ever induce me to go away again with him. These hemorrhages are dread-

ful. The length of our rides and time for stopping to rest will be regulated by his feelings. So far as we can now judge, I think he will be able to get to the Warm Springs, Virginia, before you reach there, perhaps to Harrisonburg.

P. S. Seven o'clock. Robert took a short ride again and bore it very well. He is weak, however, and pale. If we can only have him with us the remainder of this sad summer, I think I could be resigned to what we have both long known must be borne, and which will be very hard, come when it may.

FROM ROBERT'S JOURNAL.

Saturday, June 8th. Left the Red Sulphur, and once more on our eventful journey. Came to the Salt Sulphur — seventeen miles. Road good; and am not fatigued, and hope to suffer no inconvenience. Of course, I expect no further benefit from this journey, or from anything now. I am going home to die! And thankful, most thankful shall I be, if it is permitted me to do so. I have looked upon death so frequently and so closely, that it has lost all its terrors to me. I have felt that I could welcome it as a

release from all anxiety and suffering. And, at home with my friends, I know that I can do so. Not that it is not very hard to leave this beautiful world, and the friends who are so dear, so very dear to me.

Sunday, June 9th. Twenty-five miles to the White Sulphur. The ride did me good. The road was most excellent.

Monday, June 10th. Sixteen miles to Galligan's.

These were the last words he wrote.

FROM HIS FATHER TO J. H. MORISON.

Harrisonburg, (Va.) June 15th, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been so much engrossed in mind and body for the last two weeks, as only to find leisure to write to Robert's mother. But now I must tell you, in a very hurried manner, of his condition. Every day I have felt we might be obliged to stop; for sleepless nights and great difficulty of breathing are exhausting his strength, and at the close of each day I have thanked God, for getting so much nearer his mother with him. And now she is within sixty miles

of us, perhaps thirty. It seems to me, if I could only see them together once more with Robert's hand clasped in hers, I could almost be willing to part with him. I have lived a long life within the last few weeks. Nothing that earth has to offer would be any compensation for the precious hours I have spent with him, and the tokens of love — love that will survive all perishing things, and bind us together for eternity. There never was, it seems to me, a more beautiful spirit, thoughtless of self — caring nothing for bodily suffering, living only in the affections — a manly, noble boy.

It seems hard that so much promise should be so early cut off from usefulness; and yet it must be right, though a hard thing for me to say, and feel it to be so. He has sent a message of love to you, which I know you will value; for it is such proofs of not having lived in vain, that are the priceless rewards of religious influence exerted upon the young.

I hope when Robert gets a little sleep, which he is trying to do, he will be able to go on half way to Winchester.

P. S. Seven o'clock. It has commenced raining hard, and I fear we cannot leave this place to-day. I have sent an express to hasten Lydia

on. God grant she may reach here in time; for although Robert may live to get home even, yet the uncertainty makes every hour precious.

Nine o'clock. And now, my dear friend, it has come at last — the blow which has been so long impending, and which I have tried so hard to be prepared for, has fallen. May my heavenly Father enable me to bear it like a man — like a Christian, and consecrate the last few days' and weeks' experience to me, to us all, for our everlasting good. Time, and my own constitutional temperament, will no doubt mitigate the poignancy of grief; but I pray God the influences of Robert's life and death may be abiding on a father whom he loved so much, and whom he blessed almost with his last breath. He is gone! The tie, as strong as ever bound father and son together, is broken. And such a son, so full of affection, of promise — doubly endeared to us from the delicacy of his health — our anxious solicitude from childhood even, and his own maturity of character — his purity of life, his Christian principles, strong without parade or obtrusiveness. And to you, my dear friend, I feel he is most indebted for these; and now you have your reward. You did much towards forming a character for hea-

ven and happiness; and, as he said in his message to you, God bless you for it. A father's blessing abide with you forever.

I was writing the first postscript, when Robert called to me to change his position, and said he was going to sleep. Frank sat at the foot of the bed, keeping away the flies. He arranged his head on the pillow, and I went back to the table, and began a letter. Within ten minutes, during which I thought he was sleeping, Frank called me to his bed-side. The spirit had fled, without a struggle, or so much even as a sigh. He lay with his cheek resting on his hand; his features so placid, that I called his name, expecting, at least, a last look of love. But he was with his God. This is hard, my dear friend, very hard; and yet you know, as few do, perhaps, how dear the memory he has left behind him for our consolation. When the attack of hemorrhage at the Red Sulphur Springs occurred, and whilst coughing up blood and not expecting to survive, he said some things in broken sentences, and in the intervals of coughing, which I afterwards noted down. Amongst them was a message to you. I shall see you when we get home, and will show it you. O, how I blessed God for such a son,

then and now! I cannot write more. It is wrong to rapine that his life could not be spared for one day — his mother so near, and not to receive his parting look of love, and his last kiss.

Your affectionate friend,

W. W. SWAIN.

BY HIS FATHER.

Harrisonburg, Saturday, June 15, 1844.

THE curtain has fallen, and all is dark, and yet not so; for although I cannot now penetrate the gloom, I know that there is light beyond, and it will reappear. Yes, my blessed angel boy, your memory, the life-long remembrance of what you were in character, in affections, will be the light in my path. O, that it may guide me aright, and then your death will be sanctified to me, as your whole life has been a blessing. What an experience have the events of the last few weeks been fraught with to me! What a treasure the little offices of kindness and affectionate endearments between us! O, that his mother could have shared them! But this was denied her. It had been my fervent prayer that she might fold him in a last embrace. She

must now take his farewell blessing from me. Blessing upon blessing was sent to her, and given to me. "Bless you, my dear father," were nearly the last words he uttered. "I cannot be with you long. How thankful I am you are here now. You have always been so kind to me. I love you — O, how much I love you and my dear mother!"

The obstruction to his breathing was so great he could talk but little, and any one being near the bed oppressed him: for that reason I only went to him occasionally, when I thought his position might be changed for an easier one. His breathing had been nearly or quite as labored two or three mornings before, until relieved by riding. A short time before he went to sleep the last time — alas! the last time — I asked him if he thought he should be able to go on the journey after eating breakfast. He said "Yes, but not yet; I must try to get a little sleep first." Soon after, I said to him, "It is raining, my dear son." "O, how sorry I am! I suppose it won't do for us to start." I then told him, as we should be detained here all day, I thought best to send an express to meet and hasten his mother. He assented, and I went out and despatched William with a note, and

orders to keep on till he met her. Shortly after this, he called me to arrange his pillows, and said he thought he could sleep. He then laid his head down, and I went across the room to finish a letter, leaving Frank at the foot of the bed. Within fifteen minutes, Frank spoke to me, and I went to the bed-side. Robert's cheek was resting on his hand, his face as calm and placid, as if indeed it were only sleep; but the spirit that animated it was with his God. Not a struggle, not even a sigh — his ceasing to breathe was the only indication that it was not sleep.

FROM HIS FATHER TO J. H. MORISON.

Winchester, Monday, June 17, 1844.

MY DEAR FRIEND, AND THE VERY DEAR FRIEND OF ROBERT, NOW WITH HIS HEAVENLY FATHER.

His mother reached Harrisonburg three hours too late. He could not place his hand in hers, or give her even one of those looks of love which have been so precious to me every day, almost every hour, for the last fortnight. I have prayed for this long and anxiously, feeling if it only might be so, I could part with Robert almost cheerfully. And yet we now both of us

feel it may be better as it is. His breathing was so labored the last two or three days, that he could not have said what he wanted to, without much suffering to himself, and distressing her by the effort. If she could only have been permitted to embrace her angel boy some days sooner! But we must be resigned. Robert knew, Friday afternoon, she was nearly to Harrisonburg, and would be with us Saturday, at twelve o'clock, and expressed his regret that the meeting could not have been a day or two later, when he hoped to be better able to converse. I need not tell you, who know her so well, that she is perfectly calm, with the blessed conviction of Robert's being with us still. We neither of us connect any feeling of gloom or sadness with this death of the body, a separation to the outward senses only, and with so bright, so radiant a vision to look back upon, such treasures of memory, why, I almost feel, at times, glad he is gone, before the contact with earth had soiled the purity of his spirit. And then, again, the natural feeling of destitution, of loneliness, of disappointed hope, the loss to us whilst here, to society, of so much promise, — this is all hard to be reconciled to. And yet, for aught we

know, his early death may exert higher and more widely extended influences than could his life. Thus, in the all-wise dispensations of Providence, our severest trials are ministering, not to our own good only, but to that of many others we may know not of.

We shall reach home, if nothing happens, Friday or Saturday of this week. My own feelings, and those of my wife, would lead us to dispense with any gathering at the house. They always seemed to me an intrusion upon hours when you want to be most alone. I shrink from expressions or show of sympathy, except from a very few, and when I know it comes from the heart. I should prefer, in this case, taking Robert's remains quietly to the island, and laying them in his green forest grave, with only a few friends of his and ours around it. But I have thought the influences spoken of above might be more impressive upon some of his young acquaintances and friends, and I ought, on that account, to sacrifice my individual feelings. I don't know whether the time can be deferred long enough to allow of your getting to New Bedford. I very much wish you, of all others, might be there. But come down, and, if too late for that, it cannot be for

the expression of heartfelt gratitude for all you have done for Robert.

Your sincere friend,

W. W. SWAIN.

ROBERT'S remains were brought home to the island that he loved so well. A little open spot in the woods, where he had often stopped to rest or meditate, was selected, and towards the close of a lovely Sabbath day, in the presence of a few friends, the body was committed to the earth, after reading these words over his grave:

> "Or ever the silver cord be loosed,
> Or the golden bowl be broken,
> Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain,
> Or the wheel broken at the cistern;
> Then shall the dust return to the earth, whence it came,
> And the spirit to God who gave it."

And that spot, the grave of so many hopes, around which so many dear memories gather, shall also be the birth-place of affections and desires infinitely more precious.

APPENDIX.

EXTRACT FROM A SERMON PREACHED IN NEW BEDFORD, BY EPHRAIM PEABODY, ON THE DAY THAT ROBERT WAS BURIED.

"And now the mortal remains of another are brought back to the home, which his eyes were no more permitted to look upon. His young friends know how unspotted his character was from the beginning. They know that, while he was surrounded by every outward means of happiness, a large portion of his short life was spent in sickness and pain and disappointed hope; and how its last years were a perpetual surrender of objects and plans which he had most at heart. Yet no one, I suppose, ever heard from him a murmuring word, while few ever knew how very much he suffered from physical weakness and infirmities, which so crush and wear out the heart of youth. He bore pain and successive disappointments with a brightness of spirit more unfailing than that with which most persons bear health and success. He was doubtless highly gifted by nature with a happy union of the best moral elements; and what nature gave, he did not squander. As he grew up,

the best qualities of the soul appeared, growing with his growth; not as fugitive impulses, but as established principles. Those who knew him, knew how true he was, how thoughtless of self, how thoughtful of others, how high-minded and upright. Base and unworthy things found in him nothing on which to fasten. He had the virtue of magnanimity; he had the grace of consistency. One part of life was not a reproach to another: and his companions could feign to themselves no apology for bad passions or low aims, by referring to similar things in his preceding course. His early maturity of mind and heart was undoubtedly, in part, the blessed fruit of trials and disappointments faithfully met. But whatever the cause, it existed, and gave promise of a life that should be a wide and general blessing. I speak of these things, not to enumerate qualities which made him beloved, but to show their worth when tried in the testing hour of death, and how a good life prepares the way for a happy departure.

"I call upon the young, while life is still spared, to give heed to the words of one of their own number, at the time when he stood under the shadow and in the presence of death.

"For months he had known that his disease was fatal, and he had not tried to blind himself to its character. As the end approached, he did not hesitate to unbosom and disclose his deepest feelings."

After repeating many of Robert's expressions, which have been given here, the discourse adds:

"These are not words uttered by rote, the lips repeating unconsciously, in the vague, fitful wanderings of the mind, a language impressed on the memory long before.

One of its striking peculiarities is, its individuality; and, more remarkable still, that self-possessed composure, which enabled him, as if he had been but a spectator, to pause upon, and watch, the mysterious changes, of that dread hour, when heart and flesh fail, and the mere thought of which can make the boldest tremble.

"This composure, this self-balanced state of mind, it is, which gives a solemn and serious force to his expressions of religious trust, and the importance of a religious life, which nothing else could give. It shows it to be the language of his soberest convictions, uttered with all the force and emphasis of the dying hour; of his soberest convictions, and not of his fears. If one so self-balanced and self-composed, could speak thus of a religious life, and felt so deeply his dependence on God, for all comfort and hope, believe me, the time will come, when we shall feel the truth, and the solemn meaning of his words.

"What illustrations, too, of the immortal life of the soul, independent of the life of the body, are suggested by this scene! Here was a body sinking in utter feebleness, the functions of life all but suspended, the physical nature prostrate, so that they who were at his side trembled, lest every moment should be the last. And yet, at this very moment, what activity of the mind! What intense and glowing life in the affections! What inward spiritual calm, and self-control! The whole moral nature, how alive! Not flickering, like an expiring lamp, (this applies only to the body,) but energetically, vigorously, healthily alive in all its noblest powers. Not flickering like an expiring lamp, but gathering up its energies, full of "expectation, and hope, and wonder," as if dropping a chain,

and preparing for its flight into heaven. What an attestation is a scene like this, to the independent and immortal life of the soul!

"In our seasons of worldliness, we may doubt, but not when we look on a scene like this. The spiritual world is around us, and God near us, when we witness such a scene.

"A few more days elapsed, and he passed away in a tranquil sleep; so peacefully, that those at his side knew it not till he had ceased to breathe. So calm, composed, were his last days, while he knew that any hour might be the last. It was the beautiful, and beautiful, because the consistent, close of a beautiful life. Who can look on such a death-bed, and doubt the infinite worth of virtue, of religion, of a pious trust in God? And what is that life, and what the condition of him who is without them!

"O ye who are young, give heed to the voices which come from the early graves around you! Remember that life is as uncertain to you as it was to those who are gone. The time will speedily arrive when that religious trust which was their only support, and which was of such infinite worth to them, will be of the same priceless value to you. Let it not be in vain that they have lived and died. Let not the impression, made by their departure, be lost. But as you sit over against their graves, dedicate your hearts and your lives, the free-will-offering of your youth and health, to Him who is your Father."

The following extracts from letters received from two of Robert's young friends, after his death, bear testimony to

the estimation in which he was held by those who knew him with the intimacy of school-boy and college life; they are inserted, not so much to show that he was beloved — but, what is of more importance — as an evidence of the influence exerted by his daily life and character, upon his young companions; — and who shall measure the extent or duration of such influences?

"It is a great pleasure, though a sad one, for me to tell you how I loved Robert, and I know you will bear with me in what I say as coming from one who received so much kindness from him, and who will always feel deeply grateful for so true a friendship. His frankness and sincerity were so valuable, his judgment so well matured, and his social feelings so warm, that his friendship was truly of great worth, even if it were but for the remembrance. In the strength of moral and religious principle, I always felt he was many years before the rest of his age. He had more of patience and resignation; there was that beaming look about his face, and that peacefulness of mind which made one almost feel, when thinking of him, that he was already living partly in a better world. He has done much good in his mission on earth; let us only think of its goodness, and not of its duration, and it will not seem brief to us. He has given all of us an incentive to live with love, charity and religion in our hearts, that we may meet again where no tie can be severed."

"I knew Robert intimately when he attended the Academy at Exeter, and remember his many kind acts to myself and our common friends with the greatest pleasure; none seemed more beloved or respected among all my

schoolmates; none of us can ever forget his kindness, his cultivated taste, remarkably mature judgment and high moral principle. No one loved the life of school and college days better than he did, and his social disposition made him a choice companion. His vivacity I never saw equalled; perhaps, because no one else had his virtues. I have seen him in all situations to which a boy at school is exposed, and he never forgot himself. There was the same frankness, the same kindness, the same good judgment, the same purity and high-minded principle, and his companions always felt his influence. He has written his own name and sweet epitaph, in broad characters, on the living hearts of his friends, at once a memorial of his own goodness, and an exhortation to them to follow his example. I have read the account of his last illness and death again and again, with the deepest interest; the qualities I so much admired in his life, chastened and made to harmonize by Christian faith and love, could not but make his death what it was. His firmness, it seems, did not desert him in the trying hour, but grew stronger and deeper as the danger grew more fearful; perhaps, I ought not to say *danger*, when 'the valley of the shadow of death,' to use his own words, 'seemed so pleasant.' His pure, disinterested disposition saw only the deep pain of his friends when his own sufferings were most acute; and I see once more his warm affection and true love, brighter, if possible, than ever. These, in all circumstances during his short life, were his characteristics, and they made that life a blessing to all who knew him, and so they made his death an example of the good man's end.

"Since Mr. M.'s letter came, I have thought of nothing

but Robert's life and death. I have lived over again all our intercourse, been over our walks, our fishing excursions, sports, conversations, and boyish plans; nothing could be pleasanter. It seems as if a vacation had intervened, and I almost look forward to his kind greeting and merry laugh; then again, the thought of his death comes over me, and I feel that I have lost a real friend, such a one too as I never had before."

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